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OLD SOHO DAYS AND
OTHER MEMORIES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MEMORIES OF A SISTER OF S. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY.

With a Preface by Father STANTON, S. Alban's Holborn.

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"An interesting contribution to the history of the Anglican Movement, and its work among the London poor in the fifties and sixties."—*The Times.*

OLD SOHO DAYS

AND

OTHER MEMORIES

BY THE MOTHER KATE
(S. Saviour's Priory, London, N.E.)
AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF A SISTER," ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. STEWART D. HEADLAM

"Tout par Amour,
Amour par tout,
Par tout Amour,
En tout Bien."

Old Printers' Trade Mark

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LIMITED
LONDON: 34 Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, W.
OXFORD: 106 S. Aldate's Street
1906

BV
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TO MY FRIEND

THE HONOURABLE MARY THESIGER

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS DEDICATED

WITH MUCH LOVE, AND GRATITUDE

FOR MUCH HELP

TO S. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY

Preface

IT was in Bethnal Green, in the early seventies, that I first heard of the work of Mother Kate, and I then heard it strongly praised by the Rector, Septimus Hansard. It attracted me, for it seemed so different from what I had heard, in the circles in which I had been brought up, about English nuns. Ever since then I have felt it an honour to have her friendship and support. It is a constant source of strength to the Church to know that such work as is done at S. Saviour's Priory is going on.

A great deal has been said, and is being said, about the importance of teaching the principles of the Christian Religion to the children; it is sometimes overlooked, that more important than any teaching, is the taking care that all children while growing up to manhood and womanhood should find themselves conscious members of some Christian society: should have some one more experienced than they are in life and religion to take them by the hand, to encourage them when need be; to pick them out of the mud when they fall. "Bear ye one another's burdens," has been the Apostolic injunction which the Mother has always kept in mind, and it is so that she has fulfilled the

law of CHRIST. Once, when F. D. Maurice had spoken in his deep, serious way of the Catholic Faith, some one said, "I can't rise to such a position as that." "Then stoop to it," Maurice replied.

That is just what Mother Kate has been doing all these years; in order to ease the burdens from the shoulders of the people she has stooped down to help them to rise: regardless of her own reputation she has, when need was, made herself of no reputation. "What a pity she lets herself be imposed upon," it was said when some wastrel had been helped by her, forgiven by her, I know not how many times. "She is never imposed upon," was the reply of one of her strenuous men, himself a fine example of the value of her work, "they may think they are imposing upon her, but they are not: she knows them; but she will never forsake a pal." "Till seventy times seven," indeed, that is her arithmetic.

But it would be quite a mistake to think that the main work at the Priory has been the dealing with outcasts and derelicts and denizens of the abyss; there, is of course, plenty that is mean and sordid in Haggerston; but there must be hundreds of Mother Kate's children of the old days who will rise up and call her blessed: whose homes are happy, whose life is fruitful, whose religion is reasonable and vital, largely through her influence. And the influence which radiates from her is thoroughly human, and large and joyful. I have known nuns doing devoted work in parishes, who have spoilt it all

by trying to induce a hot-house piety, treating the girls in their Guilds as if they were Postulants in a Religious Order. It has not been so at S. Saviour's. The Mother's interests have been large: she was a valued Manager in the neighbouring Board School, and she deeply regretted her exclusion from that School by the London County Council. I am sure she would never agree with a statement I heard the other day: "That perhaps the whole object for which the Church, its organization, sacraments, and doctrines existed, was that a few pious souls in each generation might be brought to perfection."

When the history of the Church for the last half century comes to be written, the historian will do well to study these Memories: this is the kind of work which keeps the Bishops on their thrones: this is one of the most beneficent results of the great Church revival of the last century; it is women like the Sisters, institutions like the Priory, which make one understand how the Church has lived during ages of which the history-books record little but controversies about heresy, or fights among parties.

How has it all been done? How has the soul of it been kept fresh and bright during all these years? In many ways, doubtless; but if you will look through the pages of S. Saviour's quarterly magazine, the *Orient*, or are privileged to enter her little room, you will see that the Author gives attention to reading—and that her reading is wide: and if you enter the little chapel your thoughts will be carried back to the Church in Cecilia's House, and you will

find that now, as then, it is from the Altar that the strength and refreshment needed for such work is received.

Let all Churchmen take courage by reading this record of Church work; and count it a privilege if they can in any way associate themselves with it.

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

Easter, 1906.

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Old Soho Days

How few people, passing from Tottenham Court Road down the spacious thoroughfare of Shaftesbury Avenue, could possibly realize what that locality was nearly fifty years ago when I first made its aquaintance in 1858! It was called Crown Street then, and I believe more than a hundred years before, when it was known as Hog Lane, Hogarth had made it the scene of one of his pictures, under the name of Gin Lane or Gin Alley. Dear, dirty, narrow street, how I loved it then, and how dearly I love its memory now! It was such a small gloom-enveloped place, you would hardly notice as you went along Oxford Street that there was such a street branching off from the main artery, but should you have noticed it and turned down there, you would find the street meandered along with narrow insanitary courts opening on either side, into a centre from which sprang five small streets, very much akin to itself, whence its cognomen of The Five Dials.

In the days when we lived there, Messrs. Crosse and

Blackwell had not the imposing premises they at present possess, but a quite small factory in Sutton Street, opposite the very tiny Roman Catholic Chapel of S. Patrick, and it was a never-ending source of delight to some of the rougher boys who worked at the factory to put soot, or some black stuff into the Holy Water stoup inside the church, and watch the worshippers come out with black crosses marked on their foreheads.

The House of Charity, which now occupies the corner of Soho Square, was at that time on a much smaller scale, in a tiny place called Rose Street, and a few paces further, on the same side came Chapel Place, and the old Greek church and Church House of S. Mary the Virgin. A Mr. Atkins, who with his sister resided in the Church House during his incumbency, had through ill-health been obliged to exchange to a country living, about, so far as I remember, 1857. The place to which he exchanged was Harlow, in Essex, a quiet pretty little town, and when the Rev. J. C. Chambers—our "Father John," to use the name by which he was always known—took the incumbency—Perpetual Curacy it was called in those days—he accepted with it the Wardenship of the House of Charity, setting the larger half of the Church House free to place at our disposal, when he invited us to work there in the autumn of 1858.

Looking back through the vista of past years, our recollection of Crown Street is that of one of Turner's pictures, an atmosphere of hazy golden

mist in the summer, with dim, gray shadows veiling the entrances to the many courts, and the doorways of the houses. In the winter thick sombre mists obscured everything, but whether the sun irradiated the atmosphere with golden haze, or whether the street was enveloped in one mantle of dark gray, there was always the consciousness of dirt all around, of dirt which might be smelt, touched and inhaled, and from which there was no possibility of escape. The atmosphere, the street, the houses, the people were all saturated with a species of greasy grime. Dear old Crown Street, with its mud, and its dirt, and its smells, and its insanitariness, with its thieves, and its fighting men, and its strange, slatternly women, with its very dear boys and girls and children—those who worked and lived there in the old S. Mary's days, can never in this world love a place again, as they love its memories, for there is no place so haunted with the associations of those "Church champion" men and women of the old days of the late fifties, and the early sixties, as the pioneer Church of S. Mary the Virgin.

Foremost among our memories is that of Dr. Littledale's bent figure, hurrying and shuffling along with what he called his "two left legs," leaning on a stick, enveloped in a cloak, and with large, brown, humorous eyes beaming through their glasses from under the brim of a high hat—and they *were* high hats in those days! In the midst of all his hurry, he stopped every now and then

for a kindly word to some poor, half-starved-looking woman, or to pat the head of some child who ran up with the greeting of "'Ulloa, Mr. Lickledale!" before he was lost round the corner in the throng of traffic in Oxford Street.

What a wonderful man he was to get over a crowded crossing! I have nearly dropped with fright sometimes, when he held my cloak tight, so that escape was impossible, and hobbling with his stick, hauled me across, under horses' heads, behind omnibuses, stopping stock still, if transit was not to be made for a few seconds, all the time talking as coolly and calmly, and as full of quips and jokes, as if he were sitting in his chair at his own writing-desk!

Another familiar figure was the sturdy form of good old "Father John," rolled in his cloak, with a wide-brimmed felt hat pulled down well over his kindly, rugged face, and marching on with a determined step till he could hail a bus at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and then clamber up on to the "knife-board," which was all the outside accommodation provided in those days. We inside passengers had narrow seats, with dampish, rather smelly straw spread on the floor, and the conductor shut you in with a door, and then hung on outside by a strap.

At infrequent intervals I have seen Dr. Neale walk down the street, with his high hat set well on the back of his head, and his clever, scholarly face appearing above the folds of a white neck-

cloth. In those days neckcloths and swallow-tailed coats were the ordinary dress of clergymen. But the more advanced school, such as the clergy of All Saints', Margaret Street, S. Saviour's, Leeds, and some others, wore long, straight coats reaching right down to their heels, something like cassocks, and waistcoats which were designated by the Evangelicals of that time as M.B. waistcoats—M.B. indicated "Mark of the Beast," Rome typifying the Beast of the Apocalypse—and this high, straight waistcoat a sort of badge of the men presumed to be on the road to Rome. The pioneers of what was called the "Ritualistic Party," such as Dr. Littledale, Mr. Chambers, Father Benson, and Father Mackonochie, had begun to wear the "jam pot" collar—while the old Tractarians adhered to the neckcloth, and I remember in 1859 seeing both Keble and Pusey wearing it in Oxford.

Other friends, too, often wended their way down to the Church House where we lived. Miss Ethel Bennett, the present Mother Superior of the Sisters of Bethany, Lloyd Square, was a frequent visitor, and Miss Hoare, subsequently Sister Georgina Mary of Clewer, who for many years worked at S. Alban's, Holborn, was a never-failing friend.

One dear, kind old lady, Mrs. Currie, who lived in Margaret Street, was a most true and good friend and helper, for she used to come down to us several times a week, and we owed more than I can say to her great charity. Somehow she grew to find out that we often ran short of under-

clothing, as we were obliged constantly to be giving it away, and she used perpetually to ascertain the deficiencies, and to renew our wardrobes.

I remember one winter's day she came into the hall covered with snow, and Dr. Littledale, who was just going out, said, "It looks just like the rice which is the usual accompaniment of curry."

Later on, in the winter of 1865-6, when we had left the work in S. Mary's, and I was temporarily in charge of the women's ward in the Newport Market Mission—I should often have gone dinnerless had it not been for the food Mrs. Currie used to send by her maid. Miss Scott Gossett was also a most kind friend and helper, and Admiral Cospatrick Bailie Hamilton—he was then Captain Hamilton—was a never-failing friend.

We were all young, all enthusiastic, all very keen on *doing*. Our head, Sister Mary, by birth partly a Spaniard, had many of the qualities of S. Teresa in her composition; a wonderful amount of mysticism, and strong belief in the supernatural; a marvellous power of fascinating and dealing with others; a wonderful gift of leadership; an intense love of the poor; and, to crown all, she was endowed with an iron will. She had the power of gathering us all—Sisters, workers, school-children, choirmen, and all the entourage connected with the Church—into a firmly-knit, well-united body. She was barely more than seven years older than myself, so that when the work began in 1858, she was only five-and-twenty. I don't think any of us except Mother Louisa and

Mr. Chambers were over thirty. But we all hung together, and we all pulled together. On looking backwards to the workers of S. Mary's at that time, I always think we were somewhat like the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which had begun only a few years before we started our Soho Mission; for though we lacked their talent and genius, in our own humble way we had all the youth, vigour, and sort of linked cohesion, which seemed to be the special attributes of enthusiasts and pioneers in these early days. Under Sister Mary's leadership we somehow lost sight of ourselves and our own individuality; we lived *with* the people and *for* the people. Over and over again when some poor ragged body came round to the door, and we had nothing else to give her, we have shed our under-garments in the little stone hall, and walked about in our habits till some kind person — usually Mrs. Currie—discovered the deficiency and straight-way supplied it. Sister Mary spared *nothing*. "The poor *must* always come first, 'X,'" (she always called me by my Christian name only). "I have given away all my nightdresses; have you got any left?"

I confessed to having one.

"Well, give it to this poor Mrs. O'Donovan, she has nothing on but a skirt and this ragged shawl;" and Mrs. O'Donovan went out curtseying and showering down blessings, and Sister Mary and I slept in two men's shirts with stiff starched fronts, which had been sent by Admiral Hamilton for the poor cupboard in company with other articles of

manly clothing. Once a visitor expostulated about our only loaf of new bread being given to a starving family, and said she thought the stale one would do quite as well and better.

"No," said Sister Mary; "let us give the poor creatures the best we have, the old one will do well enough for us."

I say we lived *with* the people because in those days we never seemed to do anything, or go anywhere, without their taking a part in it with us. Sister Elsie's and my department was the school. Sister Mary and Sister Agnes were in the Mission House where they saw those who called, gave relief to the poor, and with us visited in the parish. To exemplify what I mean about always doing things *with* our people, I often find chronicled in the daily journal which I used to keep in Crown Street such entries as this: "Went to see Mrs. Brown in Moor Street, and met Tommy and Billy and Jacky so-and-so, who went with me and waited till I came out; and then we went on to see the Jones's in Newport Market, and a lot of roughs threw bad fish at me, and my boys were very angry and tried to drive them away, and when I came out of Mrs. Jones's said, 'Come down this way, Sister, there 's a 'slop' (policeman) down there, and he'll drive them off.'" Poor Tommy and Billy and Jacky! they must have felt very keenly for us Sisters to voluntarily put themselves so near a policeman, as their favourite pastime was throwing "dollops" of mud against windows, thereby calling upon them-

selves the constables' wrath, whom they afterwards waylaid and tripped up in dark places! And besides being our constant companions in our visits to the sick, or looking up absentees after school hours, or on Saturdays, some of the boys always came to help in our daily work in the schoolroom which, as I said, was my special domain. I see my journal so often says of Saturdays, "Cleaned out schoolroom cupboards, and arranged books, etc. Billy and Jacky or Tommy and Teddy helped me." And before Festivals, such as Easter, Whitsun, S. Peter's Day (our Dedication), All Saints', Christmas, and sundry others (for we were great hands at keeping Festivals at S. Mary's), it was a great joy to paint legends on long rolls of paper to go round schoolroom or day rooms; or colour designs under Edmund or John Sedding's directions for centres for wreathing to hang round the church, and always to paint the altar candles with sundry designs and words before any Feast-day, great or small. And I see recorded in the same journal that certain boys, more diligent and gifted than the others, always helped me with filling in the lettering or colouring. Sister Elsie's special province was the girls; and I believe she had little parties of them to attend her on her parish calls, and to assist her in preparing the needlework. Whatever our special department of work might be, we all seemed as *one*, from Father John down to the youngest baby that sucked its thumb on the lowest form of the gallery in the schoolroom. Dear old schoolroom! No place has

ever been like it since! Sister Mary made me paint legends to put on the beams which ran across, so as to try and brighten up the dear, dirty old place as far as possible. The outside wall was too damp to put anything on, and the inner wall ran alongside the church, and the windows opened into the school, so there was no room for a continuous legend. At the top of the room—the only weather-tight place in the school—near a rickety cupboard which the boys and I were always vainly trying to keep tidy, hung a large crucifix, with a bracket below, where we always put any flowers or scraps of green we could get; and in addition, in the summer time, we coaxed little bits of oxalis sent by country friends for Whitsun decorations, to grow in old match boxes on the ledges of the church windows. They *did* grow for a while, and last for a few weeks, though *how* they did has always been a marvel to me!

Festivals were never kept, to my thinking, anywhere as they were at S. Mary's. Easter was always a happy time: it being school holidays, Sister Elsie and I were free to help with the decorations, and it was delicious tying up the bundles of sweet springy-smelling primroses which were sent from the country, and weaving them all with the evergreens—to wreath the chancel rails and sedilia; the best boys always came in to help pick and tie, and to assist with the painting, and it was always an intense joy to watch Miss Sherring's deft fingers make up the altar bouquets. You

must know it was the fashion in those days—taken, I believe, from All Saints', Margaret Street—to arrange church flowers stiffly, in patterns, and Miss Sherring used to arrange them so that we had S. Andrew's Cross in scarlet geraniums on a ground of white hyacinths, and S. George's Cross in white camelias on a ground of red, and so on. The services were always joyous and hearty, everybody knew everybody, and liked everybody. Father John came in, and gave us each the Easter greeting as he met us, down to Polly, the girl who opened her eyes when he said, "The LORD is risen!" and replied, "The same to you, sir, and many of them." On Easter Mondays, our household—Sisters, lady workers, and girls—generally went on expeditions somewhere, either by river to Chelsea, or to Kew Gardens, or to Kensington Gardens. Then there were evening dances for the choir and Sunday School teachers in the schoolroom on almost every Festival or Feast-day, and sorts of little pageants sometimes, when the choirmen had mock fights on hobby-horses, or acted small plays and sketches, or amused the audience by singing. We worked hard, and we played hard, and we held all together.

Christmas was always a high time with us, and the Misses Phelps, the Misses Orr, Dr. Johnson, and in early days the Rev. W. Baird, of (I think) S. Philip's, Clerkenwell, used to come in to assist at the tree, and the subsequent amusements, at which, as usual, we had the fiddler in, and concluded with a dance.

On New Year's Eve we always had a midnight service half-past eleven. The gas was turned down, the church in semi-darkness, and the choir proceeded slowly from the vestry at the west end, chanting the *De Profundis* to the 1st tone 2nd ending; then followed the Litany, and then silent prayer till the clock struck twelve, when the light flashed up, and the choir burst out into a joyous *Te Deum*, after which Father John gave an address from the pulpit.

May Day was also a very high festival with us, kept generally about the time of old May Day, the 13th of the month. The children practised for their dances after school for many afternoons beforehand, so as to be quite perfect when the function itself took place. While the rehearsals were going on, some of the boys and I used to be very busy painting mitres and crowns, and Sister Elsie and her helpers, among the ladies and girls who were handy with their needles, made up garments and rosettes for the occasion, and friends in the country sent flowers and evergreens to decorate the room. This was the order of proceedings on the day itself. At seven o'clock the procession took place. First of all walked Sister Mary and Sister Mary Agnes, leading the singing. Then little boys dressed as mediæval priests, carrying lighted candles. Then a boy, one of our best—although his occupation was to "holloa greens" in Lumber Court, Seven Dials—dressed as a banner-bearer, and carrying a standard. Then boys dressed as lords, then more

boys dressed as bishops; then a big boy as a herald, followed by another big boy as archbishop's chaplain, and Mr. T. Orr, one of the choirmen, was the archbishop. Two big boys were chancellor and first lord, and then a very good boy personated the king, and a very good girl was chosen as the May queen. Another big boy carried a standard behind their majesties, two girls acted as queen's train-bearers, a big girl and big boy were queen-dowager and ex-king, with two girls for train-bearers. and then a crowd of girls as court ladies. Sister Elsie and I, who were no use in the singing, brought up the rear, and Mr. Swann and George Peterkin, who were dressed as fools, went about everywhere.

The procession, looking very magnificent with the coloured glazed calico and tinsel dresses and gilt paper crowns and adornments, went three times round the schoolroom ; then all took their places on the gallery, and ranged around the queen, who sang a May song, and was crowned by the archbishop. The king made a speech, after which the whole court descended from the gallery, and took up their position for the May dance. Then they danced all together in two rings, and finished up with a very hearty, and much-prolonged *Sir Roger de Coverley.* Lots of friends came to see it, among whom were, besides the parish clergy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Porter from S. Matthias', Stoke Newington, Admiral Hamilton, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Baird, and many others.

A fiddler, and a man with a harp, played lively

Irish tunes, and we had a good time. At half-past eight all the company went to Church, while the children in the audience had cake and oranges and went home, and the court had supper, after which was more dancing, with songs in between; then we all said Compline together, and thus concluded a most happy evening.

S. Peter's Day, the anniversary of the dedication of the church, was always kept in very grand style. For some weeks before the Festival, in 1861, a good many repairs and improvements were being made in the sanctuary, and Edmund and John Sedding undertook the decoration of the walls. Edmund designed some beautiful centres to be encircled with green wreaths, which I had to colour under his direction. They were mostly crowned lilies, and monograms of our LORD'S Name, in the Seddings' own peculiar mediæval rendering, and were very quaint and beautiful and a peculiar joy to me, as they were unlike anything I had ever seen before. The Seddings were then both working in Mr. Street's office, so could only give their evenings to work, and we were generally very much hurried up to execute what they wanted done. I remember having to rush out after school one Friday evening and buy yards of thick paper, and as I had no paint-box with me, Dr. Littledale lent me an old one of his, with the colours a bit the worse—not for wear, but for lying by unused. That night, when the painting was over and the men gone, Sister Mary, two other lady workers and I, pulled up the

carpet by the altar—a nice dirty mess it was, and very heavy too—and dreadfully tired we all were the next morning.

But those were not days when one thought much of being tired, and we got up at five on the Eve of the Festival, so as to be able to work hard, and get everything straight before the first Evensong at eight. Sister Alice (who afterwards became Mother of S. Margaret's), came up to London this last day, and she and I worked hard at the colouring of the nine large beautiful designs Edmund Sedding had made for the centres. The one over the chancel was a large fleur-de-lis, banded with blue, two monograms of our LORD'S Name, with a cross interwoven, two crosses, two smaller fleur-de-lis—also banded, and S. Peter's sword and keys. All these, except the fleur-de-lis, were coloured green and crimson. There were two large square designs at the west end of a very conventional banded lily, and a Tudor rose, with very stiff leaves. We worked all day in the schoolroom, wreathing the greens, arranging the flowers, and painting the designs and the candles, snatching our meals as we could. Several ladies used to come and help, among whom were Mrs. Watson, wife of the Rev. Alexander Watson, and her daughters, one of whom was afterwards a Sister at S. Margaret's. They were, indeed, most indefatigable helpers in every way, both in the Sunday, Day, and Night Schools, and what we should have done without them at decoration times I really don't know. The Misses Orr, daughters of

Mr. W. Orr, the publisher, were also regular and most invaluable helpers, and their brother, who was in the choir, was a great friend of the Seddings. But, as I said, *everybody* helped, and the choir and older schoolboys came in and cut the green and wire for us. When all was put up, and the gas lit, and the dingy old church quite mediævally gorgeous with its quaint designs, and Willie Russell (afterwards the Rev. W. Russell, of S. Paul's Cathedral, and now Vicar of Sunbury-on-Thames), presiding at the organ, the choir marched up out of the vestry, with Father John and Dr. Littledale behind, then I am sure every one of us, from Sister Mary and Father John down to the very boy who blew the organ, thought there was no place like S. Mary's except Paradise; we had worked hard, we were all satisfied, we were all pleased, we were all at one with each other, and we kept our Festival with great rejoicings.

I shall never forget the heat of that S. Peter's Day, with the church packed from end to end, and my anxiety that the school children, who were under my charge, should behave themselves, though it was difficult for the poor little things to keep awake, and one little brown head kept tumbling against another, at great risk of several of them falling off the seat, and waking with a loud cry, which happened occasionally on hot Sundays. There was a drowsy, warm, stuffy sort of smell of evergreens and flowers, with which the church was, as Father Ignatius expressed it, "wreathed to death," and a thick misty

atmosphere, yellowed with the hot sun pouring in through the windows, through which Canon Carter's handsome, kindly face beamed down on us from the pulpit. After the morning service, everybody—sisters, workers, clergy, choir, and visitors—adjourned to the House of Charity, where luncheon was followed by speeches.

That year we thought we had accomplished great things, by getting the school children to sing "Loving Shepherd" at their service on the afternoon of the Festival, but in 1863 we made a great advance on that, for with tremendous tuition on the part of Sister Mary and the two Seddings, they had learnt the "Alleluiatic Sequence" (hymn 295 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*) to the very difficult music to which it was originally set in the *Hymnal Noted.* What endless practices we had over and over again in the baking schoolroom, on broiling hot days, with the blazing sun pouring vertically down upon us through the glass skylights, and how patient and painstaking the Seddings were in going through everything over and over again, and how hard the children tried their best to keep awake, and how well they succeeded in learning it after all!

On Whitsun Day, 1863, Bishop Twells, of the Orange River, said Mass and preached. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for service, but it had to be delayed, as the box containing his vestments would not unlock, and a man had to be fetched out of the church to force it. After service, Father John brought the Bishop into the Mission House, where

the choir and Church workers had assembled; the Sisters and women workers knelt on one side of the room, and the Priests and choir on the other, while the Bishop gave us all his blessing.

When Dr. Neale came to preach on S. Peter's Day the year following, by which time the children were thoroughly up in the music, it was an intense joy to him to hear this sequence really admirably rendered by them.

Canon Carter, and Mr. Liddell, of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, used generally to preach in the church either on, or during the octave of the Festival, and Mr. Evans, of S. Mary-le-Strand, was a preacher who often came. He was a popular preacher of that day, and there was a sort of dry humour and quaint originality about his sermons, which appealed immensely to people. I always remember a sermon of his on S. Peter's Day, 1863, on the words "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." If S. Peter was at all like his description of him, he must have been a very original character.

The year 1864 was marked by S. Peter's Day being the first occasion on which a chasuble was worn in the church, and that was at the half-past five Mass, when only a faithful few were present. One of the clergy, the Rev. Reginald Tuke, obtained permission from Father John to wear it only at a very early service. To us it was a matter of great joy and thanksgiving, for in our own Oratory at S. Margaret's Dr. Neale had used the Eucharistic

vestments for many years, but this was the first time we had ever seen the chasuble worn in a church, and it was never used in S. Mary's, except at a very early Mass, during the whole time we were there. Plain linen ones, of course, had always been in use, but they were hardly distinguishable from a surplice. On this Festival we also blossomed out into more sanctuary decorations, for I see noted in my journal that there were ten vases of white flowers, chiefly lilies, on the altar, and lilies placed all around the sedilia. There was also a new dossal of gold-coloured figured silk hung at the east wall. Down at the west end the cover of the font had been removed, and the font was full of water-lilies and ferns, looking, as one of the S. Alban's clergy remarked, "for all the world like a cider cup." Fortunately there happened to be no baptisms during the Octave of the Festival. We also had a departure in the manner of arranging the Children's Service in the afternoon, for instead of walking straight into the church from the schoolroom we emerged from the outside door into Chapel Place, and marched round the court in procession singing, "O happy band of pilgrims," preceded by one of the schoolboys carrying the banner of S. George; then followed the two Assistant-Priests, Mr. Tuke and Mr. Williams; then came the boys; after that we three Sisters followed with the girls, and the members of the Young Women's Guild of S. Michael brought up the rear, headed by a lad carrying a huge cross of lilies. It is needless to tell you of the

excitement of the court inhabitants and the crowd of young thieves and ne'er-do-wells who crammed themselves into it—for, remember, the narrow side of the court into which the school door opened was a *very* narrow passage, and we had regularly to struggle our way through the mob—while both boys and women, pointing at the two Priests in their surplices, yelled, "Look at them two blokes in their bed-gowns!" At the west door of the church the choir met us, and we proceeded to the seats marked off for us, where the infants were already waiting with their teachers. The church was so overcrowded, what with children and visitors, that quite a number of the girls had to kneel in the nave.

I have an old Anniversary paper for that year, with the list of preachers for the Octave, which is rather interesting, as S. Mary's being the most advanced church of that day (S. Alban's was in its infancy) some of the leading men of the advanced Church school were among them: the Rev. W. Denton, a man who was very great on the Holy Eastern Church; the Rev. H. W. Burrows, of Christ Church, Albany Street; the Rev. J. E. Vaux, who was a collaborator with Dr. Littledale in the compilation of the *Priest's Prayer Book*; the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, who two years previously had been appointed to S. Alban's, Holborn; the Rev. W. Baird, of S. Philip's, Clerkenwell; the Rev. J. Baines and the Rev. J. Lawrell, of S. Matthew's, City Road; the Rev. J. L. Galton, of Exeter; the Rev. T. T. Carter; and Dr. Irons, of Brompton, who, I remember, gave

us a most amusing address. The objects for which the offerings of the congregation were asked were: the Clergy; the Sisters; the Day, Night, and Sunday Schools; the Guild of S. Michael and All Angels; S. Mary's Drum and Fife Band, which was a very prominent feature at every excursion and on every Festival, and which nearly deafened us with the members' perpetual practising in the schoolroom on every evening that room was vacant; the children's excursion into the country; and, lastly, S. John's Hostel, which was a cottage in Chapel Place for the accommodation of aged and infirm women, where they lived and quarrelled together, and whence one of them took it into her head one evening to go out and see the world, and we spent the best part of the night ransacking every hospital, infirmary, and police station around in search of her, much to her indignation when she returned the next day and said she had been to see her son, and he had taken her out somewhere.

Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, Mrs. and Miss Dennison, and Mr. Walpole were present, among other friends, and at the luncheon at the House of Charity afterwards. I remember Mr. Galton made a speech about the possibility of things apparently impossible with regard to the growth of Church matters, and told a story about some rich man who refused to allow his daughter to marry a young artist until he could paint from nature "lilies brown and roses blue." The young man, in despair of ever being able to accomplish what seemed an utter impossibility,

retired into a church to pray, and there saw from the reflections of the stained glass in the eastern window that the roses and the lilies in the altar vases were coloured: the one a deep blue, the other a rich brown. I need not say that the happy young man hurried to fetch his painting apparatus with the greatest speed, lest the lights should change and the flowers resume their natural colour, and so, said Mr. Galton, "he won his bride by accomplishing what seemed an utter impossibility"; and then he proceeded to say how this might apply to the Church's future. Anyhow, I have always remembered it, and the way the old man enunciated, impressively, "roses *blue*, and lilies *brown*!"

I have said before that it was the usual order of things that every one should go to luncheon on S. Peter's Day at the House of Charity, and it was equally *de rigueur* that we and all the helpers should also go to supper on the same evening. The choirmen and boys had usually gone on before, preceded by the drum and fife band; and if you had but known what Crown Street was in those days you would understand all the commotion this meant, and how the whole population turned out and ran alongside all the length of the street. My place was with the choir-boys at their table, as they were my special charge, and I always had to pin on the clean collars and scarlet bows with which they were decorated on high days and holidays, so that they might look uniform above their surplices. On these occasions I don't think I should have liked

any place at the supper one half as well, though at times if the room was very crowded there was a scarcity of spoons and forks at our table, and there have been evenings when two or three boys and I had to eat plum-pudding with one spoon between us—turn and turn about! It would have hurt their feelings if I had not shared their spoon, although to my thinking one's own fingers would have been preferable! It was a real joy to be at that table, though it was considered the least desirable in the room by most people, being "only for boys"; but they claimed me as "our own Sister," and they ate heartily, and cheered everybody's speech vociferously, and thumped the table with their fists till the glasses rang, and passed such cutting sarcasms on the choir-lads a little older than themselves—all my lot were under fourteen—and so they considered those budding young choirmen (who in these days would be known as *mashers*) as fair game for criticism. It is always so with little boys and big boys. The actual choir *men*, such as the Seddings, Mr. Orr, Mr. Swann, and others, the boys thought much of. I always look back on my times with these boys with the very greatest pleasure, for though I went through the agonies of an old hen with a brood of ducklings when they misbehaved *in* church, or fought *out* of church, or played truant from school or church, and were caned by Mr. Williams, or had their ears boxed by Sister Mary; still, on the whole, they were very good, dear little fellows, and I often wonder what

their paths in life have been during succeeding years.

I expect all the up-to-date teachers and educational authorities of the present day would have thought our poor little school at S. Mary's a *very* rudimentary and elementary affair, but little removed from the old dame schools at the beginning of the previous century, or perhaps even those of an earlier period, when the children learnt painfully to read and spell out of horn books. Be that as it may I think our children were fond of us, and I know we were very fond of them, and if they didn't learn all the science and culture of to-day I hope they learnt to try and be better boys and girls. We used to go to church, to the Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays—in fact, we usually constituted the congregation—while Father John intoned the Litany, and the little shrill voices shouted the responses, which rang through the gloom of the dark, dusty church, ever replete with mists, and reverberating with strange cracks and echoes. On summer days the children were all drowsy with the heat, and it was a trouble to keep them awake. It was like perpetually picking up ninepins to keep them from slipping off the seats in slumber; once in my anguish I caught at a boy's hair instead of his head to pull him up, and expected a fearful yell, but I suppose he was used to a good deal of rough handling at home, and he merely turned over and leant against the boy on the other side. Summer and winter they were always sticky: they always smelt of tobacco and treacle, and

you were perpetually conscious of the presence of very much active animal life around you. On all Festivals they went to the eleven o'clock Mass in the morning, and had a half-holiday in the afternoon. On these half-holidays we always took the older boys out, either to the Green Park or to Regent's Park. I remember once being threatened with expulsion by the park-keeper, as the boys got rather uproarious and played somewhat wildly.

One afternoon I took them to Primrose Hill, which was then a wild, half-built-on waste sort of place, full of odd heaps of rubbish, and pools of muddy water, and Master Jemmy Crank, the spoilt only child of one of the "court ladies," insisted on balancing himself on a plank over one of these pools with the natural result that it tipped over; he fell in and was drenched from head to foot. We all hurried him home very much after the fashion in which Sam Weller escorted Mr. Pickwick after his fall through the ice, speeded on by the encouraging remarks from the other boys of "My, Jim, won't you just get clouted when you get home!" and the sustained roars of Jemmy, partly through fear of what was awaiting him from the maternal arm, as he had spoilt a clean holland blouse (at that time a frequent attire of boys about ten years old), and partly because he had a fixed idea in his head that I was to blame for it all, as I had taken him to Primrose Hill and had not been prompt enough to rescue him from the plank when it began to tip. If the latter idea was uppermost in his mind his

views of justice must have been perfectly satisfied, as the proverbial Billingsgate was nothing to the language with which I was greeted on handing him over to his mother. Whatever the boys did I must say they threw their whole hearts into it, and did it with vigour. Tommy Brown, for some unknown reason, had ceased to attend Sunday School, and I begged Teddy Jones, who was rather a bigger boy, to try and coax him back, in a kind way, so as to make things pleasant to him. The next Sunday, a pouring wet morning in June, we had just finished school prayers when a fearful roaring and screeching resounded in the court, and one of the choir-men and I rushed to the door to see whatever was the matter, and there was Master Teddy dragging little Brown by the scruff of his neck, who was roaring his very loudest and half choking, with his mouth full of sweetstuff. "I've brought him, Sister!" shouted Teddy, triumphantly.

Another lad, very ungainly and "thievy," but a great favourite of mine, called Charlie, had been, to my intense sorrow, turned out of the school by Father John for insolence to one of the clergy; and so I lost sight of him completely till some months after I saw him in charge of a policeman, being taken to Bow Street on the charge of having stolen some wood, and it was a great joy to be recognized and greeted by him in spite of the somewhat embarrassing circumstances under which we met. He had been neither remarkable for cleanliness nor beauty in the best of days, and on that occasion,

with very grimy cheeks channelled with many tears of fury at being "had up by the cop," his dirt and hideousness were appalling; but my heart went out to him, for was he not "poor old Charlie"? We never met again after that little interview; but I heard of him from time to time from the other boys, and the last news was that he had joined a gang of big lads who went about stealing the little boys' buttons when he came across parties of them playing "buttons" on the kerb.

"He comes up to you, Sister, he does, and he says, 'Slummocks about!' and then he ketches hold of one of the little 'uns and chucks his cap a-top of the buttons they've got on the kerb like, and he and his mob collers the lot and make off!"

It sounded all very dreadful, and perhaps would have appeared more dreadful still had we known the meaning of the mysterious words "slummocks about"; but we didn't know, and so were not equal to realizing the intense horrors of the case.

My anguish over the school examinations, which were held once a year by the Government Inspector, was very great, but the inspectors were always kind and made allowances, for which we were deeply thankful. Every now and then one of the clergy came in to give an examination in Scripture and religious instruction, and I felt I could have cried when one of the big girls, whose class I had been working up specially hard for this examination, announced that "S. Mary Magdalene helped Moses across the Red Sea"; and when asked who appeared

to our LORD and the Apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration another girl replied, "Ananias and Sapphira." The little ones said that Adam and Eve were turned out of the Garden of Eden for "thieving apples"; and perhaps the answer was not so wide of the mark after all. Garments, or rather the lack of them, or of the proper appliances for keeping them on, were a slight embarrassment on examination days, especially as regarded little Patsy Fitzgerald's on the infants' gallery, for he could not hold his hands up during the exercises with the other children as he had to clutch tight hold of his nether garments—really belonging to his elder brother, with the legs curtailed—with both his little fists to keep them in position. Patsy's clothes were always a difficulty, as he came low down in the family and had to wear the discarded raiment of several elder brothers, which Mrs. Fitzgerald was not particular about adapting to his own diminutive size; nor was she very particular as to whether they would hold together or not—evidently needlework and domestic economy were not in her line. Some days poor Patsy appeared with no shirt on him at all, and at other times he arrived clad in one of his elder brother's, hanging in yards all around him like a pinafore.

Saturday mornings were generally devoted to making up school registers, and Saturday afternoons to expeditions around the parish hunting up Day and Sunday School absentees down Lumber Court, a narrow, insanitary alley, somewhere in the vicinity of Seven Dials, where one of my boys who took

part in the May-day procession "holloaed greens" for his father, who kept a small shop at the corner of the court, and where nearly all the mothers sat on the door-steps on hot summer afternoons, while the children played around on the grubby pavement. Their language might be rather powerful at times, but I always found them to be very kindly, pleasant women to deal with, and fairly amenable as far as the children were concerned. Lots of our children came from Newport Market and Prince's Row, which was in our parish, whereas Lumber Court was in S. Giles'. I remember one amazon, tall of stature, and wide of girth, who lived in a small, dirty house in the row right opposite one of the slaughter-houses, and the gutter in front was generally lit up with brilliant flashes of crimson which oozed from under its door. She was the mother of many stalwart sons, all more or less addicted to thieving or other vices, which necessitated their compulsory removal either to prison, or, if they were fairly young, to the training ship *Cornwall*. Jemmy, one of the younger ones, was a staunch ally of mine, and defended me to the best of his power once when I was pelted down the row with somewhat decayed fish; but the poor little chap inherited the family failing, and began to follow closely in his elder brother's footsteps, and as lying is as a rule the accompaniment of thieving, when his blue eyes stared at you in a peculiarly candid manner out of his stolid red face, I knew there was a big lie about somewhere.

"Yes," said this mother of many sons, as she folded her arms across her capacious bosom, and leant firmly against the dirty door-post—"Yes, I went and lost three days' work last week a-getting Sam aboard the *Cornwall*, the young villain; and I don't repent it, no, not never! You see, Sister, they turns them out so well there, and I lives in hopes even of young Jemmy here, little rascal, as he shall go aboard, too, as soon as he gits old enough. My maxim always is as GOD is stronger nor the devil, and they *must* git right somehow!"

Poor little Jemmy! I daresay he *did* go to the *Cornwall*; and I do hope it was the making of him, for he had a heart in spite of his lying and thieving, and I am sure his mother's maxim was a good piece of religion to stand by.

There were two big lads, Bill and Harry Page, who used to come when they had done work and help us a good deal in various ways, and used to help on Sundays; and one winter afternoon news was brought us that the younger, Harry, was ill. Accompanied by one of my boys, little Fred Gardew, I set off for Great S. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials, where he lived. In those days the street was known as a place where you might buy any and every possible "fancy." Every door and window was crowded with bird-cages full of birds, with hutches of poor cramped-up little rabbits and puppies and kittens, all squeezed and huddled up where they had barely—no, where they had *not* room to turn, poor little things. We found our lads

lived in a dark, underground kitchen in one of these houses alone with their father, whose wife had died in Australia some years previously, when he was out at the gold diggings. Things had not been successful with him, so he and his boys returned to London, and were living in this den. And indeed the room looked as if it had never been touched by a woman's hand! It was full of old boxes, broken portmanteaus, and odd straps; the windows crammed with bird-cages and birds, shutting out what little light and air might possibly have come through the grating which served for a window. It was a dusky autumn evening, and the room was so dark I nearly fell over three bull-terriers who were running about. Harry was lying on a mattress on the floor, with no light and no fire, so I sent Fred out to buy a candle and some wood, and between us we lit a fire and "redded" him up the best way we could, and then hurried back to consult Sister Mary as to what was to be done. Kind Mrs. Currie happened to be in the Mission House and gave me a letter for Charing Cross; but when with great difficulty Miss Mustard (one of our workers) and I had got him there in a cab the doctor, on seeing him, pronounced him to be suffering from typhus, and said, "Take him to the infirmary; it 's not a fit case for here."

It was getting late, and snowing hard. Miss Mustard was obliged to return to the Mission House for some evening classes, so there was nothing for it but for me to go on with Harry to S. Giles'

Workhouse. I expect at that time of the evening they were closed for the night, for I rung the bell some minutes before the porter appeared. Harry was huddled up in the cab perfectly unconscious, and I felt quite in despair! The man opened the door slowly an inch or two at last, and then refused point blank to admit him. I did not know what to do. I could not take the poor lad home to that miserable cellar, where the father and brother would be out at work till quite late every day, and leave him to the care of the three bull-terriers and the birds! There were no Jubilee and Parish Nurses as there are nowadays; what was to be done? Despair gives energy. We wore big, straight-fitting black straw bonnets in those times; and I approached nearer and nearer to argue with the man, and succeeded at last in getting my big bonnet so far in, that without inflicting a personal injury on me he could not have closed the door, and, as they say, "where the head goes the body must follow;" in spite of the furious anger of the porter I got inside and at last saw a doctor. A very kind, sympathetic little black man he was, who after some talk consented, to my intense joy, to take poor Harry in. I have never forgotten him and all his kindness.

But just contrast the whole state of things then, nearly fifty years ago, with the way sanitary affairs are conducted in the present day!

There was no playground where the children could come in to run about, and therefore out of school

hours we often had the children to play games, or do anything to keep them out of the streets. The girls, I think, preferred games, but as for the boys, listening to stories was a thing they were never tired of. I fancy at that date there were very few cheap penny papers with exciting stories as there are nowadays. The boy of the present era studies such literature as *Coon-tailed Bob, or, The Pirate of the Prairie Swamp*, but in the sixties these had not struggled into existence, and so my powers were called into requisition to provide them with something thrilling. I began with telling everything I could recollect out of Mayne Reid, Fennimore Cooper, Grant's *Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp*, and Sir George Dasent's *Tales of the Norse*. When these were exhausted I had to draw upon my powers of imagination, and continue, as it were, in penny numbers, running on from week to week at spare times and odd quarters of hours. The difficulty was to remember where I had left off, or what I had said last, for I had to make up as I went on, and it was so difficult to recollect whether I had left my hero running for his life before an Indian chief, or hanging on the horns of a wild buffalo on the prairies, or just shipwrecked on a desert island, but the boys always remembered, and shouted "Don't you recklect, Sister X., as how Tommy was hiding with a six-shooter revolver in his hand, and the cutlass he took from the pirate captain in his belt, when he heard the rest of the pirates all come by a-shouting for his life?" I *didn't*

remember, however. I had to make a yarn of *something*, and as long as they were interested, and kept quiet, that was all that mattered. In evenings, when now and then we got the schoolroom to ourselves, and could turn the gas down quite low, we had ghost stories, and a high old time of it. I told them every ghost story I had ever read in Mrs. Crowe's *Night side of Nature*, or Dr. Neale's *Unseen World*. Dr. Lee's books on the subject had not been written then.

When I had exhausted my store I had to invent awful ghosts behind doors, or anything I thought likely or unlikely to have happened. I remember one winter's night, we were in the middle of a ghastly story, I was mounted on a high school stool, and they were all huddled round me, the gas was down at its lowest, the stillness was appalling, all the boys held their breath, and I, in my anxiety to keep them quiet, piled on unknown horrors, and really at last got to feel as if I was going through them myself, when suddenly there was a fearful crash on the glass skylight, only equalled by the yell of horror given by the boys, and I nearly fell off the high stool with fright myself.

It was really only a thief getting away from a policeman, or throwing a bundle of stolen goods on the roof to escape detection.

The last year of our stay at Soho, I had more to do with the girls than I had had previously, as Sister Elsie was called off to other work, and I found some of them were rather interesting. There

was one who went by the name of "Dick Lapintosh." Her family was, like so many we found in Soho, French, and her name was really Labertouche. I forget what her Christian name was (Polly, or Annie, or something), but she was called "Dick" because she was so like a boy—and always played with the boys. She was a square, sturdy, impudent-looking young person of eleven or twelve, with bright yellow hair, saucy blue eyes, and cheeks like a Normandy pippin. She cared for nobody, and could fight any boy her own weight, or more, if necessary. I perfectly delighted in her. I went out one Saturday, hunting up school absentees, and had just found a truant boy, very dirty, sitting in his nightshirt on the doorstep of a sweet-stuff shop, behind his granny's chair, when I heard a great excitement in Prince's Row, and saw Dick Lapintosh, the centre of an admiring circle of boys, running about on her hands and knees, and barking like a dog.

There was a bright-looking, blue-eyed girl, with very crimpy pale gold hair curling round her forehead, and a face like Diana, whom I used to consider a special beauty, and I was much hurt when John Sedding, who used to come in sometimes to help me with the drawing class in the afternoon, gave the palm to a pale, straight-featured girl, with a Burne-Jones type of face! However, he was an artist, and I was not, so I suppose his judgment was correct!

In the summer of 1863 the idea of the Guild of S. Michael and All Angels, for girls and young women, was first thought of and planned, and on

Sunday, August 2nd, we had a meeting of those who thought they should like to join, in the schoolroom after church, where Father John read over the proposed rules, and took down the names of those who wished to become members.

The then Mother of Clewer, Mrs. Monsell, was present, and entered most cordially into the scheme.

On Sunday, September 27, of the same year, the first Guild reception took place in the schoolroom. The girls had made a quantity of white roses, with which we decorated the walls and beams, and under the crucifix, at the top of the room, Sister Mary had arranged a little altar, vested in white, with vases of white flowers. Father John and Mr. Tuke admitted the members, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Williams being present, and the organist, Mr. Stratton, playing the harmonium; Captain Hamilton, Miss Scott Gossett, the Misses Orr, the Seddings, and many other friends were there. On Tuesday following S. Michael's Day, the service was held in the church, and Dr. Neale came up to preach the beautiful sermon on "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." Many friends, among them Lady Herbert of Lea, were present. The whole concluded with the usual festival dance in the schoolroom, to which the choirmen and elder boys were admitted.

The receptions, when the girls wore their white veils, were always in the schoolroom, as Father John thought it wiser not to have them in the church, and on the following All Saints' Day we again had the room decorated with roses, and a temporary

altar erected, and many new members were received, and this time all the choir came in to sing the service. This took place after Evensong, our usual festival dance being postponed to All Souls' Day, when the drum and fife band boys played instead of our old friend the fiddler.

On looking back through my journal, it seems we were great people for monthly teas at S. Mary's, all instituted in 1863, which I remember was an eventful year.

The Guild of S. Michael had their tea the first Sunday in the month, and all went to church together afterwards, and the Sunday School teachers had their monthly tea on the second Sunday of every month, and there was generally a Sunday tea for some special committee or social meeting of various societies on the other two Sundays of the month. They kept everybody together, and in touch with each other, and the guild room was neutral ground where all Church workers could meet socially, without entrenching on the Sisters' own room upstairs. Father John always came to breakfast here with us on Festivals, and on his own birthday, which was the Feast of S. Clement. Here also we entertained Brother Ignatius and his companion, when they came once or twice to see us.

On the Whitsunday of 1863 the first meeting of the Society for Intercessory Prayer was held in the schoolroom after church. It was for this society that Father Benson afterwards compiled his *Manual of Intercessory Prayer*.

On Corpus Christi Day following we had the meeting of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament in the schoolroom after church, and on this occasion we Sisters and several of the choir and workers were admitted as Associates. This was the fusion of two previous societies, one called the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, whose headquarters were at S. Matthias', Stoke Newington, and to which the Rev. W. Baird, the Rev. J. W. Doran, and others belonged, and some other society whose name I cannot remember.

The meetings had sometimes been held in Carlisle House, Soho Square, which was then a sort of Church Hostelry for Priests and Catholic laymen, and where, if I remember rightly, the Seddings lodged for some time.

In the autumn of the same year Dr. Neale instituted the Confraternity of S. Margaret, by which earnest Priests and laymen, who had the well-being of the Sisters at heart, might become associated with them to a certain extent, and help them in their work by any means in their power.

The day he came up to institute it at S. Mary's some thief had stolen a parcel of goods with which Sister Mary had entrusted a boy to take to a friend; naturally she was very angry, but he absolutely refused to let her prosecute, and so the matter ended.

The Confraternity reception took place at six, when Mr. Wroth and Mr. Bown, of S. Philip's, Clerkenwell, Dr. Littledale, Mr. Tuke, Captain Hamilton,

Mr. Robert Porter, of Stoke Newington, and Messrs. Taylor, Orr, W. Lowe, Edmund Sedding, and G. Peterkin, all belonging to S. Mary's Choir, were received by Dr. Neale into S. Margaret's Confraternity. We provided supper for the clergy and choir afterwards in the Mission House, and finished up with Compline in the schoolroom.

On November 28th Mrs. Gladstone first called at the Mission House, and Sister Mary made me take her down to see the school in Prince's Row, Newport Market. It was her keen interest in all she saw about that part of the parish which, I think, was the beginning of her throwing herself, and drawing Mr. Gladstone to throw himself also so heartily into the schemes for a refuge for the homeless, which began to be under discussion shortly after, and resulted in the foundation of the Newport Market Refuge, with which she and her husband were both so very closely associated.

In the Advent of this year, Father John conducted a four days' retreat for women, in the chapel of the House of Charity, which was the first retreat I ever attended, and I remember on the Sunday following Mr. Mackonochie came to the church and preached a most marvellous sermon on Hell.

There were no County or Borough Councils in those days, and the sanitation and general conditions of living were such as would not be tolerated in this twentieth century. I often wonder what authorities of the present day would think of our poor old schoolroom and Church House! The drains were

always under repair, or ought to have been: few of the windows would open, consequently the ventilation was almost nil. If by any chance some of the outside fog got inside it stopped there, as it had no means of getting out again. A large room, a few steps below the street, called from its having belonged originally to the Guild of S. Alban, the guild room, which was used for living, for receptions, meals, and all sorts of purposes, had two large gloomy windows looking into Chapel Place, but, as far as I remember, they would neither of them open, and perhaps after all it was just as well they would not, as they would only have admitted the accumulated smells of the court, and the somewhat powerful language used by its inhabitants. It was a quaint, old-fashioned room, the walls wainscoted, and had cupboards in the wainscot such as the French call *placards*. There was an old heavy mantel-piece opposite the windows, and doors leading into narrow winding ghostly passages, also wainscoted, which led you round the back of the church into the schoolroom. All the air we could get had to come in by the street door. The windows in the upper rooms opened, but the long narrow room where four of us slept crowded together, had its window, as was the manner of so many old-fashioned houses, not in the centre, but quite in one corner of the wall, and was almost blocked up by the corner of the next door house. Above this, reached by a ladder, was an equally long narrow room, but having even less space, as it was built under the sloping roof, and you

could only stand upright in the centre. But this was comparatively airy, as the little windows in the roof were not shut in by any building, and admitted all the light and air there was to be had. Crowded into these two small rooms, bed touching bed, three Sisters, a pupil teacher, and all the lady workers who could be squeezed in, slept. Sister Mary had a small room at the top of the stairs, which I often shared with her, when we were overcrowded, though for a while I was the proud possessor of a room of my own, a little organ chamber, just inside the church, almost above the altar, made vacant by the removal of the organ from the east to the north side of the chancel. It was a funny, isolated little sort of "prophet's chamber," reached by a narrow staircase from the schoolroom door, at the end of the ghostly winding passage. The window was one of the church windows, and, it is needless to add, it was never opened in its life, and never intended to be. However, I slept and throve there, until it was in later years converted into an oratory, and Father John used to hear the children's confessions there, as it was so handy to the schoolroom.

I don't think any description can give any adequate idea of the gloom of the dear old house and church. Everywhere was full of misty shadows, every object you looked at seemed to be shrouded in a gray veil. There were always mysterious crackings, odd groanings and creakings from the wainscoted rooms and passages. There were often strange noises on the roof of scramblings and dragging and

throwing heavy articles, when thieves were escaping from the police, and pulling their stolen goods after them, or throwing them away, if they were close pressed. Thieves' signalling-whistles often rang out through the night, and you heard policemen's whistles at intervals in the court and street. On summer nights you might have heard the neighbours dancing and swearing and singing till daybreak. Poor souls, you could not wonder when you thought of the hot, stuffy little rooms in which they lived, all alive with undesirable animal life! At three in the morning the traffic began to go to Covent Garden, and so on through the day, varied at very frequent intervals by fights, and now and again by fires.

In a neighbourhood like Soho, closely packed with people in very old houses, fires were of constant occurrence. I remember on June 13th, 1861, we had been with a friend to see the charity children at S. Paul's, which was a most wonderful sight, all the different coloured uniforms of the various schools, and the rows of little white caps, made a quaintly pretty effect, and the way the children sang the Old Hundredth in unison was a thing I have always remembered with pleasure. We had come back and were having tea about five o'clock, when we heard a confused rush in the street, and looking out of the window saw a crowd of people and children all running past in the direction of the Five Dials, where a public-house, kept by an ex-prize-fighter, Alec Keene, was all one blaze of fire. It was most exciting: engines came tearing from every direction,

and crowds poured in from every street which opened on to the Dials; all Soho, from garret to cellar, was on the spot, and policemen in little knots of twos and threes went hurrying towards the scene. By the by, do you remember how policemen were dressed in those days? They had tail coats and high hats with shiny stuff on the top, to keep off the rain. After some while the flames were extinguished, and the crowd gradually melted away, and the boys told us in the evening that Alec Keene, his wife and family, had gone to Ascot, leaving the potman and barmaid to see to the business. How the fire began, no one knew, but the poor girl lost her head, tried to clamber over the wall of the back yard, when some tiles from the burning house fell upon and killed her.

There was another specially bad fire, too, that I remember, close by us. We were woke up one July morning about two o'clock by a policeman's rattle and tremendous noises in the street, and it appeared that the bedstead-maker's at the corner of Chapel Place was on fire, and a tremendous flare it was. All Crown Street, and Falconberg Court, and our court, and Newport Market, were out, crowds of policemen, firemen, and thieves, and the boys tearing about mad with delight. Three engines were working for dear life, and in those days the pumps to supply the hose were worked by men, ten or twelve at a time. Any one who volunteered to take a hand at the pump had a right to unlimited beer from the nearest public, which was compelled to open. There was one just opposite us, kept by a big good-looking

man, whom we had named "Adam Bede," from his supposed likeness to George Elliot's character. He seemed a quiet sort of man, and never much in evidence except when he took his wife and family in a smart trap down to the races, or came out on a hot summer's night now and then to inhale the balmy breezes of Crown Street. He always gave some coppers to a poor wan-looking woman who used to sing with a splendid contralto voice outside the bar door on summer evenings about ten o'clock. Well, on this occasion Adam was obliged to open his public, and every now and again, above the monotonous sound of the working of the pump, came the hoarse cries of "Beer O!" I remember the head fireman's two little fox-terriers were playing about contentedly among the coils of hose quite unconcerned with all the noise of pumping, shouting, yelling, thieves' whistles, and roaring of the flames.

The fire began this way. It seems the man of the house was wakened by one of his children falling out of bed; he lit his lamp and put him in again; some sparks must have fallen out, and through the cracks in the floor he saw his workshop below was one mass of flames. He threw his wife and children out of window — it was an old one-storied house — and rushed out in his shirt screaming "Fire!" All the women who lived in the street end of what we called "the Narrow Court" next to his house, were rushing about. Mrs. Hills came tearing out of her house with a bundle of washing, a woman upstairs jumped out of window, her husband, night watchman in a

stable near, hearing all the hubbub, came running up to see what was going on, and his master dismissed him for it. The bedstead-man was not insured, and long after the fire was got under, ran about, still in his shirt, saying he was ruined for ever. Poor man! I don't remember what became of him.

In 1860-1 the Society for the Relief of Distress was started, and a Captain Owen, a most kind, friendly, old man was the visitor appointed for our district. Sister Mary used to send me round with him to interview the different cases for whom we wished relief, which was given in an allowance for each case, so much for so many weeks, to be expended at our discretion in coal and provision tickets. I suppose it was the idea in those days that young women were not very well able to take care of themselves in rough and crowded streets, for he always seemed rather anxious that I should not get jostled, whereas I, who was far more at home among the thieves of Soho than I should have been in Belgravia, felt rather nervous and anxious lest he, an old man, should get hustled or upset by any of our neighbours. I recollect one day when there was a tremendous fight going on at the bottom of Crown Street, he made me take his kind old arm, saying, "Never mind, Sister, I will see you safely through this!" In the summer of 1861 a Colonel Neville replaced him, and I remember so well the hot June morning on which I took him on his first visitation. He was a young, smart man, and the contrast looked great to see him sitting in a dirty

little back room in No. 9 Crown Street, where a poor ragged shoemaker, far gone in consumption, was stitching away in an unfurnished garret, with the broiling sun pouring over the sea of red tiles outside, intersected with lines of washing garlanded from window to window. The room was like an oven, the only furniture was a heap of rags called a bed, and nobody evidently had been washed for over a week. I believe at that time, in these poor streets the water supply was very bad, so that washing was really a difficult matter. Colonel Neville allowed these poor creatures *2s. 6d.* a week for a month. From there we went to No. 7, where three unmarried sisters lived together, in a tiny back room looking into a stifling yard. I don't know which was dirtier, the three women, or the room. It was dirt that could be *felt*, and which made a sort of grease in the atmosphere. The poor souls had not a scrap of work, and how they lived I don't know, but Colonel Neville made them an allowance weekly for a month to tide them on till better days came. We finished our round with calling on an old Mrs. Davis, in one of the cottages in Chapel Place, the court which surrounded the church. She was eighty years of age, and had lived in that house over forty years. Lord Templemore, and subsequently a Mr. Wolridge, succeeded Colonel Neville as visitors.

The idea of a refuge or shelter for homeless men and women of a lower class than those for whom the House of Charity was designed had

been very much in the minds of Mr. Chambers and Sister Mary, and the Rev. John Williams, who was in charge of the Newport Market end of the parish, was specially keen about it, and had interested Mrs. Gladstone, Admiral Hamilton, Mr. Shaw Stewart, and others. Steps were set on foot to try and secure one of the slaughter-houses in Newport Market for this purpose, and on March 22nd, 1864, matters were so shaped that in the May following the refuge was to be opened for men under the charge of Mr. Williams. During the year he had been working at S. Mary's he had lived in a little house at the corner of Prince's Row and Prince's Court; originally it had been a public-house; the lower part of this was used as a mission room, and subsequently as the infant school, and thus living in the centre of a most depraved locality, his influence in the neighbourhood was something wonderful.

The "row" used to be crowded with dirty, ragged, thievish boys of about fifteen or sixteen, who spent their nights in thieving and their days in pitch-and-toss, but who, if they saw Mr. Williams approaching, fled for their lives, as he would walk straight into the middle of a group of them and cane all round with his stick, till they were glad to get anywhere. As one of the choirmen said, "Mr. Williams' way of dispersing a row is to run into it with a big stick, and hit out right and left, never mind whether you kill or not." And really it was true. He was always on the alert to run out at the first signs of any of the very frequent rows, and his method,

rough as it was, really seemed to be the only one to do the neighbourhood good.

I remember a man, who had to do with the boys on board a training ship, telling me that some boys can be managed with kind words, but there are some whom you must knock down before you can speak to them, and very often, years afterwards, they will come back and tell you that this knocking down was the beginning of better things with them, and I firmly believe that Mr. Williams knew well those with whom he had to deal, and dealt accordingly, and the results were all for the best.

There was a mission service held in the lower room on Sunday evenings, which was well attended by the people in the Row, but woe betide the boy whom Mr. Williams saw behaving badly, as in the vernacular of the neighbourhood, "he did just pitch into you and give you a clouting!"

One of the slaughter-houses in Newport Market was at length secured and opened for the admission of men in the May of 1864. To be rid even of one of these slaughter-houses was a great step towards the improvement of the neighbourhood, as it was most brutalizing and demoralizing for the children who lived in the row to watch the wretched cattle drawn up and herded in, and then to gloat over the thick crimson stream which flowed slowly from under the door, and wormed its way among the other filth and garbage in the gutter. The boys loved all these hideous sights, but though the girls were accustomed to them, I do not think it gave

them the same intense pleasure, at least I hope not.

Mr. Shaw Stewart had found an old ex-soldier, a Scotsman, named Macgregor, to act as caretaker there. The long *abattoir* on the ground floor was used for the men's shelter, being fitted up with rows of beds on each side, which could be rolled up and strapped to the wall during the day, and a long narrow room on the upper floor for waif and stray boys, many of whom, masses of rags, and with curious pathetic histories, used to come to our school by day. I remember specially a lad of ten, originally from Glasgow, whose correct name was Macleod, but on account of his extraordinary fatness was usually known as "Podgy." Poor little chap, he *was* a mass of rags, and used to go through the streets to and from school trying vainly to hold the remnants of his clothes together, a matter in which he rarely succeeded, as you generally saw more of "Podgy" than of garment.

But the absolute necessity of a room to convert into a shelter for women and girls became daily more and more pressing, and the following occurrence made Sister Mary urge the arrangements for such a room.

The day after S. Peter's Day that same year a policeman called at our Mission House early in the morning, bringing a wild-looking Irish girl, bare-footed, with only a shawl over her head, and asked if we could do anything for her. Poor thing! she looked only about eighteen, and seemed so sad and frightened, with great dark gray eyes looking

wonderingly from under a mass of rough dark hair, cut short almost like a boy's. It seemed the policeman (an Irishman himself) had found her in the street the previous night, and she told him she had come over from some wild place in the West of Ireland—I quite forget where—to find her sister, who was married and living in London. Her father had sold the pig to raise the money for her passage, and a troop of hay-makers, coming to England for the haying season, had brought her over and put her in the train at Liverpool. When she reached London she found she had lost her sister's address, and did not know where to go; she wandered about two nights, sleeping in the streets—I believe she had just enough money to get some food—and the third night the policeman found her and took her to the workhouse, warning her not to speak to the women among whom she would have to be, as they would swear at her; nor to leave off her shawl, or they would steal it. He left her a slice of bread-and-butter (a part of his supper), to eat when she was in the house, but one of the women snatched it from her. After he came off his beat, about nine o'clock the next morning, he fetched her out and brought her to us. We, being overcrowded ourselves, had not a hole or corner to put her in. We tried the House of Charity, but either they were full, or it was not a suitable case. We tried Dr. Gilbert's Refuge in Finsbury, and several other places, but they were all full; so we got a Mrs. O'Donovan in the court to take her in.

Poor girl, she was a good, devout soul, and had been horribly shocked at the swearing and goings on of the women in the workhouse. Mr. Tuke wrote to the Priest of the parish in Ireland, who gave a most satisfactory account of her, and also sent her sister's address, I think somewhere in S. Giles'; so that we were able to place her in safety after all.

In the autumn of 1864 a large upper room in the building was opened as a shelter for women, and Sister Lydia, a most bright and capable person, came up from East Grinstead to take charge of it. Two small rooms were screened off at the near end of the women's part for her bed and sitting-room, the latter having glazed windows, instead of a wooden partition, so that she could command a full view of the room. It was all shockingly ventilated, and most insanitary. As I have remarked previously, sanitation was not much thought of in those days, and fever broke out among the poor ragged boys whom Mr. Williams had picked up in the streets, and in default of anywhere better had been obliged to herd together in the long narrow room running parallel with the women's. I remember I used to go down now and again to tell them stories, and the atmosphere of the dirt and the rags and the *no* rags as we all sat huddled together was—well—inexpressible!

Some idea of an orphanage, or school, cropped up in Sister Lydia's mind, and one bright April day in 1865 she and I went to see S. Nicholas' Roman Catholic Boys' Orphanage at Walthamstow. We

found it a delightful homely place, containing about sixty-four boys, under a Matron, Mrs. Delaney, and presided over by a charming old Priest, Father Collis, who received us most kindly, and showed us over everything. He told us they received boys at and over eight years of age, who had been committed for vagrancy, and they kept them there for five years. They had tailors' and shoemakers' shops, and masters came and taught them daily.

At the termination of the five years, when their schooling was over, and they had learnt a trade, the Brethren of S. Vincent de Paul found places for them; and when they left they were expected to have a reunion at Father Collis', the second Sunday in every month. His kindly, gentle, fatherly interest seemed thoroughly to have permeated the Orphanage, and influenced the boys for good. He trusted them implicitly, and told us that he had never had occasion to repent having done so. We heard afterwards that the Orphanage had been in a very bad condition until he was in charge, so many of the boys were constantly running away.

Talking of schools, I was very much pleased with one at Ashford. We had a Welsh girl on our hands, I rather think she had been taken in at the Refuge. However, she was very superior, and Sister Mary succeeded in getting her admission into the Welsh School at Ashford, and I was to take her down on June 16th, 1865. Unfortunately, this was Ascot Day, although we did not know it. My train—crowded—did not stop at Ashford, so I had to get

out at Staines and walk the two and a half miles back. Mr. and Mrs. Davies, the Master and Mistress, received us most kindly, and our Welsh girl seemed as if she would be quite happy and at home there. Kind Mr. Davies took me over his garden, and loaded me with great bunches of roses and pinks, and made me come into the boys' school and hear them sing. But the trouble was the getting back! He went with me to the station. I struggled on his arm through the dense crowd of Ascot returners pouring in for the London-bound train, and he managed by sheer force, I remember, to get me into a carriage somehow, and I reached home about eleven, in company with a whole mob of racing people.

A little interlude in the summer of 1865 was the laying the foundation stone of the new S. Margaret's buildings on July 20th. I shall never forget the lovely bright day, and the joyous procession which wound across the fields to the site of the new Convent —all our Priests and choir from S. Mary's.

Just before the Dedication Festival in 1864, Brother Ignatius and one of his brethren came up to London to preach at S. Mary Magdalen's, Munster Square. I forget where their Monastery then was, but I rather think at Norwich. They came and had dinner with us at the Mission House, and nearly frightened Polly (our Soho handmaiden who opened the door) into fits, for she rushed in saying, "O, Sister Mary, there's two such funny men come, and they ain't got no hats on, and their heads look

for all the world like plucked fowls a-hanging outside the shops." During meal-time she waited on them, her eyes round with terror; and, always a great hand at smashing up what crockery we possessed, she that day surpassed herself in the matter of breakages. In the afternoon, Sister Mary brought them in to see the school, where they were a source of great joy and wonderment to the children; but when Brother Ignatius sat down to the harmonium, and began to play and sing, every soul in the room—sisters, children and all —were perfectly entranced.

His rich, mellow, musical voice had a special charm; it was not his voice only, but his marvellous gift of gesture—almost theatrical — which in those days never failed to attract all people to him most powerfully. He preached at S. Mary Magdalen's, Munster Square, on Sunday, June 26th, and our church was half empty in consequence.

On the Monday evening we were talking when we heard the distant roar of a mob in the direction of Oxford Street, and presently a crowd came pouring along, howling and yelling, and we soon found this heralded the advent of Brother Ignatius. They rang the bell, they shouted, they pushed, and it was a matter of some difficulty to get the poor Brothers inside the door, but they did manage at last, and the mob stopped outside, ringing the bell and throwing mud at the windows till they came out, when they departed in the same manner as they had arrived.

There were a number of ghostly legends and

stories floating about touching this weird, gloomy old Mission House and church. I heard only quite recently that when Mr. Atkins was living there fifty years ago, before we inhabited the place, it had the reputation of being haunted. Father John told us this rather curious story with regard to the church once, though it did not bear upon its being haunted.

Some time in the early autumn of 1865 two Quakers, a brother and sister, called at the House of Charity to see him, and, apologizing for being strangers, asked if he would baptize them. They came from a very distant part of London, and he naturally expressed some surprise at their not having gone either to some Priest whom they knew or to one who lived in their own neighbourhood. Whereupon the brother told him as follows:—Some years ago they had a sister who had died unbaptized. A few weeks back she had come to him one night saying that she herself was in a progressive state of happiness, but if he and his sister hoped for salvation they must both be baptized. She said, moreover, they must go to an old Greek church in a court in Soho, which is in quite a far-off part of London, and ask the Priest there to baptize them. He told his living sister and they paid no attention but thought it was only an imagination; but the dead sister appeared again and again, reiterating the same thing, and they both began to feel a little—well, more than a little—uncomfortable. Then comes in the still odder part of the story. S. Thomas of Canterbury appeared and told the Quaker the same

in mediæval Latin, which the Quaker must have been a man of some learning to understand. Still, he and his sister could not make up their minds, when last of all George Fox, the founder of their society, appeared, and was most persistent that they should do as they had been told. So at last, convinced, they set to work to try and find out where this mysterious Greek church in this unknown court was, and after a good deal of difficulty found that it was situate in a street called Crown Street, running off Oxford Street. The end of it was that Father John prepared them both for Baptism, and they were very good Church people afterwards.

It was a curious story, was it not? I simply repeat it as Father John told us.

The influence of Edmund and John Sedding, who were two of the most prominent workers in the Soho Mission, gave a sort of artistic tone to all that was done about the arrangements of Church furniture and any decorations that were undertaken; and a Miss Hutchinson, a very artistic lady, who used often to come and stay with us, did a quantity of most exquisite Church embroidery from their designs and under their direction. We lost sight of her entirely after we left Soho in the autumn of 1865, and it was most interesting to renew our aquaintance thirty-five years after in Florence, where she is at present living. It seemed strange to be talking over dear, dirty old Crown Street, seated in an exquisitely artistic room in a marble palace on the banks of the Arno! and the looking over portfolios

of the Seddings' designs—both taken to their rest many years ago—brought the old times and the old interests of bygone years most vividly before us.

George Peterkin, a designer at Bell and Daldy's, a remarkably clever young man, was also a helper both in the choir and the night schools; he helped us too with his talents in the designing line, although to my thinking he fell far short of the Seddings, whose designs had always a specially quaint, mediæval grace about them which gave them an extraordinary charm. John's especially, so to speak, "satisfied" one, and there are very few things in this world that are capable of doing so. But George Peterkin, in his own way, was a very good designer, only a designer of whom you find many whereas the Seddings stood alone.

A very energetic worker, and one who used to help me immensely in the school, was Dr. Littledale's successor, the Rev. Charles Norwood Oliver, whose father was then Warden of the Highgate Penitentiary, and who was Assistant-Priest at S. Mary's from 1862 to 1864, when he married and left. He was at S. Philip's, Stepney, till 1867, and it was pleasant to renew our acquaintance when he came to S. Augustine's, Haggerston, in 1867. Mrs. Oliver was a peculiarly sweet and charming person, and had a great many gifts; she wrote some touching little stories, and was very artistic in her way. I remember going to stay with the Olivers when he had a living in Southsea, many years after they left Soho, and being so wonderfully impressed by seeing her

power and influence among young men. She was a great invalid, and could rarely move from her sofa, but her drawing-room was the place where all parish work was planned and designed; and it was quite wonderful to see the hold she had over the choir and young men workers who used to come in there on most evenings. She seemed to diffuse a sort of sense of peacefulness around, which every one felt, and by which every one was influenced. It was in that drawing-room that I first met Archdeacon Carnon of the Universities' Central African Mission who was then a young lad of sixteen or seventeen, and I am sure her influence was the beginning of the life which he has taken up and is living so bravely in the heart of Africa.

The Rev. J. J. Elkington was attached to S. Mary's from its earliest days, and when the Bishop of Honolulu came to preach in the summer of 1862 and asked for helpers to go back with him to his diocese Mr. Elkington volunteered to go and was ordained there. He was afterwards Assistant-Priest at S. Mary's, and at All Saints', Margaret Street, and after Father John's death in 1874 he succeeded him as Warden of the House of Charity. When Dr. Littledale paid his only visit to S. Saviour's Priory, just after the new buildings had been erected in 1888, Mr. Elkington accompanied him, and said, on parting, "You must remember the great pleasure it has been to two of your oldest friends to come here and see you."

As I said before, we were like one large family-

party, all working happily together, because our religious and social work were so intertwined and intermixed that they seemed but one, and neither appeared possible without the other. A *holiday* was always a *holy-day*, for everybody in the church down to all the children in the school. Apart from the big parish excursion, which always took place in the Octave of S. Peter, and was a very grand affair indeed, there were sundry smaller excursions sometimes to Epping Forest, where the teachers and helpers wandered about under the quaint pollarded old hornbeams and oaks, and strolled along secluded paths, full of tangled wild roses, where now the encroachments of "London over the border" have planted rows and rows of streets full of stiff-looking little white-walled, slate-roofed houses, one monotony of hideousness. Sometimes our excursions were to Sunbury, whence we drove home in the soft purple evening, with the crescent moon rising over the shimmering waters of the Thames.

All the things I have spoken of in these pages are matters of everyday occurrence now in most London parishes, and all things are carried out most likely on a far larger scale, possibly better planned and executed, and certainly with larger facilities for doing so; but why I have told you all this story of the chronicles of a Mission of long, long ago is because it *was* so long ago—nearly half a century since—and in those days I think S. Mary's, Crown Street, was the pioneer church and parish, standing

almost alone, until S. Alban's sprang up among the slums of Holborn.

But that is not the only reason why I write. I feel I cannot help doing so, to let the children and the grandchildren of those, to whom S. Mary's was indeed an ideal place, know what strong ties of friendship held us in the spirit of the deepest charity and the most fervent zeal during those seven years of our labour of love all together.

Our residence in Soho was terminated in the November of 1865, and in the Eastertide following, Dr. Neale transferred us to Haggerston.

It is curious that it should fall out how widely we "Crown Street" Sisters have been separated in after life. Sister Miriam is working with the Bishop of Lebombo in Africa; Mother Louisa was for many years Superior of S. Margaret's, Boston, till age compelled her to resign; Sister Agnes, who joined the Roman Communion with Mother Mary in 1868, is Abbess of the Franciscan Abbey at Mill Hill, and I am, I am thankful to say, in Haggerston. Mother Mary and Sister Elsie both died many years ago.

Our Street in Haggerston

OUR street opens out of that very busy thoroughfare the Hackney Road, and from the Priory windows you can hear the constant jangle of tram-bells above the subdued, roaring, ceaseless hum of the crowds of people who throng the road. There are a great many different views of human nature to be seen at all hours from the narrow little windows of our great red house, and the sounds one hears, I think, exceed the sights one sees. On a summer's morning great carts, dragged by tired horses and driven by sleepy carters—for they have been travelling all night—come slowly past from over the Queen's Road bridge, laden with piles of sweet fragrant hay, the smell of which wafts recollections of newly-mown meadows lying around shady lanes, where the "greenly-gadding rose-branch dips" over a wealth of long grass and fern-fronds steeped in dew. Sometimes, before the hay is ripe, carts pass full of that soft, green, succulent sort of grass which grows in ditches and marshy places, and is used by fishmongers to put under the fish. Once I begged a handful, in old days, from the carter for Sandy, but he sniffed at and absolutely refused it—it was not the sort of grass that dogs like. I suppose it was pretty much

the same to him as it would be to us if we were offered a bunch of dock-leaves instead of spinach. One lives and learns, and I never begged any more of the tempting-looking green stuff, though it seemed so fresh and cool that one wondered it was in the heart of dog to reject it. And besides these country carts, sundry big, heavily-laden, lumbering vehicles come rolling and clumping up Dunloe Street, cutting athwart Great Cambridge Street at right angles with the Priory. These have all sorts of mysterious heavy burdens; but the only articles I have been able to identify are wooden cases filled with ginger-beer and lemonade, from Batey's factory in the Kingsland Road. A certain omnibus which runs to the West End, a lot of dust-carts, a quantity of coal and coke carts, all cut, or rather lumber, across this corner of Great Cambridge Street, which makes the rooms adjacent to Dunloe Street the noisiest in the house. Traffic starts early, and goes on till quite twelve o'clock at night. As one hears them rumbling past, one wonders if horses or drivers can ever keep awake at all, and whether they do not go heavily rolling along in a sort of hazy, lumbering dream.

"Labour candidates" of every description pass at all hours, from dawn till nearly nine o'clock. Gas factory men, black and grimy, thin and sinewy with the toil of their heavy "draws;" artizans with their tools; young fellows of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, in knots and couples, white-faced with their work in close, underground packing-rooms in city warehouses, heavy-eyed from the excitement of last

night at the second house at the Sebright Music Hall, or the thrilling interest of "Tommy Atkins" or some other sensational piece at the Pavilion Theatre. You can't catch more than scraps of their talk as they hurry along: "See that bloke as was settin' agin you last night? Well, that was him as my old woman boshed into 'cos he said as her hat come in his way, and he couldn't see no how. 'Gar on,' sis she, 'you sling your hook, and don't give me none of your side!' and then there was a fair beno, and she *did* pay him: and she and I got pretty near chucked out, and all along of him." Among many whom we *don't* know personally, there are a good few whom we do; here is one—a young fellow, tall, with a vacant-looking face and very long swinging arms, who belonged to the Priory Club, but his love of the "noble art of self-defence" tempted him into the "fresh fields and pastures new" of sundry boxing competitions; and he reappears from time to time with magnificent prizes—the last of which was a handsome gold watch. He is a good, honest fellow, and fights straight, and I believe has quite made his name as an amateur light-weight boxer. From half-past seven till nearly nine the tide of labour flows steadily from North and East, city-wise. Girls, with barely-swallowed breakfasts, but, in spite of hurried toilets, looking neat and taut, hurry along in ones and twos to business houses; they may earn but little, and food, like their daily scrambled-down breakfasts, may not be as plentiful as it ought, but they *must* maintain a respectable, neat outer appear-

ance, in order to keep their places. Here and there a little cluster of factory girls, white-aproned and thick-fringed, talking very much like the boys who go by, except that the personal description of a friend is changed from "my old woman" to "my old man." Of the two, I believe the ladies are the keenest in the description of the little pugnacious encounters which occur at the theatres and elsewhere while in the company of their "beloveds."

Ours is a gray, dull-looking street, but the square, practical-looking Priory beams upon it with its honest red face, and gives it a dash of colour, and close to the Priory stands another plain, unpretentious building, also of red brick, looking very much like a younger, smaller sister. Big, busy workshops shoulder it on one side; a timber store, whence deal planks are always issuing or entering, flanks it on the other; a combined chandler's and provision shop, a fried-fish shop, and another one where you can procure nails and such-like things used in the boot trade, stand facing it, in company with the little narrow court where so many of the "Mrs. Fridays" live. This smaller, ruddy building, is a registered lodging-house, commonly called the "Kip," and is superior in respectability and morals to many East End lodging-houses. The "Kip Missis" is proud of her men, and they are proud of their Missis and her husband, and make it a matter of honour, however sorely poverty may pinch, to try and do her and the "Kip" all the credit they can.

Of course, it is naturally patronized a good deal

by the gentlemen commonly classified in the neighbourhood as "mumpers;" but they are very harmless, and quite amenable to order. You may see them running across, coatless and unwashed, to the general shop opposite, returning with bread, butter, milk, or —for those who can afford the luxury—a salt herring for their breakfast. A good many of the younger ones are in the Militia, and when that gallant regiment is called out, they issue forth quite smartly equipped, *cap-à-pie*—lock, stock and barrel, every inch a soldier.

Joe, the Missis' husband, had a deputy called Dick. Dick must have gone through much trouble in the course of the forty or fifty years of his life. He was thin, spotty, red-nosed, and had a slightly diffident, slightly lugubrious expression, in which there lurked, however, a sort of "here-I-am-when-you-want-me" look. He was deeply interested in the Christmas dinner, and, I believe, made himself most useful on that occasion. However, three days after Christmas poor Dick was taken very bad. A hard life, a weak chest, and bad weather had brought on some pulmonary complaint. Dick went to the infirmary, and died. There was great distress and real grief among the little community of which he had been a member. He left two lads (Dick's wife had never been of much account, and nobody knew where she was), and various members of the community undertook to look after them. The Sister who visited them took a bunch of flowers, and put it on poor Dick's breast as he lay in the coffin, and said some prayers beside

him, and the men's hearts were comforted, for they felt due respect had been shown to him.

The "Kip" is sandwiched in between two very active centres of business, the timber place mentioned above, and a large boot factory, and about eight each morning the street is lined with rows of men and lads leaning against the wall, waiting to go in. They go in at eight, and you can see them reappearing at intervals, running out in a dirty leather apron, with a tin can in their hands, to fetch a pint from "The Victory."

I believe there is a most good and helpful society of ladies, called *Watchers and Workers*, the stronger members of which work most heartily in the Church's cause, and those whose health will not permit of active employment are the watchers who pray for their sisters who work. These two factories and the "Kip" always seem to me to be, in their way, watchers and workers, of which the gentlemen in the "Kip" constitute the watchers, as they are always standing at their door watching their employed brethren sawing planks of wood, or packing cargoes of boots, and they, poor chaps, are footsore and weary, having been out since daybreak seeking for the work which cannot be found, and are now reduced to the dreary blank of leaning against the wall and lamp-posts, and watching.

Besides the *watchers* and *workers* there are patient *waiters* too, and these are the files of stolid horses who are arranged along the street outside the coffee-shop between half-past seven and half-past

eight every morning, while the drivers are having their breakfast. Each horse is supposed to breakfast too, and has his nose-bag slung on, but sometimes, through the stupidity of an old horse, or the violent head-tossing of a young one, or now and then the frailty of a strap or buckle, the bag becomes unreachable, and Nipper and I always make it our business to look out for these misfortunes and remedy them. Young men hurrying by to their work have always been *most* kind in reply to one's appeal for help in readjusting the nose-bags. "All right, Sister, just you hold my lunch, and I'll put it straight for you," and it has been a pleasure to hold many an honest fellow's newspaper parcel while he made things all right, and Nipper stood watching, half critically, half jealously.

The door of the day nursery begins to be besieged a little before eight o'clock, and you see pale, worn-looking women leaving their children there, before hurrying on to their day's work in the warehouse or factory. Saddest it is to see, here and there, some poor fellow—a widower, or with a bed-ridden wife at home—bringing his baby to entrust to the Sisters' kind charge. The little ones, those who are past the period of abject babyism come to the nursery rejoicing, and look upon it quite as a home, where they can be safe and happy and unmolested by bigger and tyrannical acquaintances.

Some while before nine, the County Council School teachers (dear, good, kind, friendly, helpful people that they are) begin to arrive—some cantering up on

bicycles, some walking from train or omnibus; and as the Scawfell Street school-bell begins to shrill out its summons, the street becomes alive with young folk, all hurrying and wending schoolwards. Naughty little boys, who insist on leaving the dry pavement for the pleasure of splashing along in the gutter or stamping heavily in a puddle: good, demure-looking little misses, brimful of pride that temptation does not assail them in the matter of puddles and getting their clothes dirty, yet blissfully unconscious that the screamed-out comment, "Oh my lawks, Em'ly! if you ain't got your frock all tore acrost! Well, I wouldn't!" is quite as big a frailty as the more masculine one of puddle-splashing, in that it wounds the feelings of the poor girl who has to get along with a drunken, careless, unmindful mother. These crowds of young persons are reinforced by instalments of infants—little tots with toddling, wide-apart legs, and wondering eyes, tumbling along in the wake of a bigger child, one finger in its mouth, and the other clutching tight to its frock or jacket; and so the detachment marches on, as the bell clanks its remorseless summons, till nine o'clock strikes from the gas factory, the bell ceases, the last child disappears, and the streets are comparatively empty.

But children in, mothers out. The little ones are safe in school (you can hear the hum of their voices, and the quick, decisive interrogation of the teacher, sounding through the big windows), and the mothers begin to think of their marketing. This appears to be in Haggerston somewhat of an undertaking, which

does not mean merely going into the Hackney Road and selecting your meat and vegetables from the assortments exposed there for sale, but it is an occasion on which you meet many friends, each with her own private (hardly *private* perhaps) stock of gossip, which she is anxious to share out and discuss among all her acquaintances and neighbours. I have known two good ladies, basket and parcel in hand, stand by the lamp-post at the corner, and talk, and talk, and talk; it rained, their reflections shimmered on the wet pavement—still they talked. The elder one gesticulated with her forefinger, and enunciated vehemently at times; the younger seemed to be listening and assenting. It must have been a choice piece of gossip, connected with a variety of incident, and requiring a great deal of comment. How long it lasted I don't know, but when the children came out of school they had gone. A great many of our mothers are like this; but there are a great many, I am pleased to say, who are not. There are hard-working, GOD-fearing women, who carry out in their daily lives the fact that "the home is what a woman makes it;" and these make happy homes, to which the tired fathers are glad to return at night, and where the little ones cling to and find their all in all in "mother." Poverty may—nay, it *has* come most keenly and bitterly in at the door, but Love has never flown out of the window, but abides, and softens with its ruddy, healing glow the sharp features of attenuated Poverty.

The middle of the day is a comparatively quiet

time for our street. Tax and rate collectors go round and knock at doors, and heads look down on them from upper windows, and very often the door never opens; barrows of crockery—a wild collection of hideous pots and pans—are wheeled up at times, and now and then take a rest outside the little coffee-shop near the bridge; here and there, in the spring and early summer, a lusty coster pushes along a barrow of fascinating ferns and flowers—some in pots, "ready for yer winder like," some with loose mould clinging to their roots, "as yer can plant out at the back." Now a girl or woman comes carrying most brilliant decorations for your fire-stoves, made of paper and calico—very scarlet roses, with very metallic-looking green leaves; they are gaudy, it is true, but they brighten up a dull home and give it a bit of colour. Vegetable barrows are also on the road, drawn sometimes by a man, sometimes by a donkey. In the afternoon, getting towards tea-time, you hear the cry of "Water-cre-e-eses, young water-cre-e-eses," alternating with the *jödling* of the milk-man. There is also a most important person who parades round, and that is the cat's-meat man. The cats seem to know by intuition when he is coming; they run out of their doors, and look up the street in a most expectant manner. Some advance to meet him with purring and importunity; some coyly rub against their doorposts, and curl their tails in expectancy. One always feels so sorry for those poor cats who at times crawl about the streets, wounded, sick, lonely and homeless, for whom there

is no meat and no shelter; and we do our very best to get hold of them, and, if too much injured or far gone in disease to send to the cats' home, take them to a kind man who painlessly sends them straight to—what a dear old friend of ours used to call—*Sandyland.*

Our street is not picturesque. The Priory, which dominates it, is, as you know, not a vision of external beauty. If you remember, it was built purposely at as little cost as possible—nothing extra to be spent on gables and angles and architectural ornamentation; it was to be a plain, square barrack for the Sisters to live in and do their work, with not a penny to be spent on anything but work purposes. And a very nice, commodious, comfortable barrack it is inside; but it does not add to the picturesqueness of Great Cambridge Street, except in the fact that it is red, and that it is a charming contrast to all the colourless, dun sort of buildings in the neighbourhood. The dead high walls of the gas factory are still more hideous, because they are one monotonous dingy blank, unbroken by door or window. Mr. Sampson's woodyard makes a variation, as planks of wood are rather nice to look at, and always have a sort of fragrant scent of their own; and the sweetstuff and old clothes and coffee shops hard by sometimes break out into bits of colour with bright placards, mauve and magenta sweets, and gaudy second-hand garments. Gatti and Stevenson's ice depôt, just by the bridge, is generally a scene of varied excitement, as so many carts stop there for supplies of ice; and

hard by is, to me, the most fascinating of places—a shoeing forge. It is a real pleasure on cold foggy mornings to pass by and see the red glow of the fire in the corner, and it is always most interesting to see the horses led in, and stand patiently while they are being fitted and shod. But *the* place, the really picturesque bit of Haggerston, is on the Queen's Road Bridge. There in the early morning you see the gracefully-proportioned apse and roof of S. Stephen's Church silhouetted against the saffron eastern sky, with all the irregular cottagey sort of buildings and factories in the gray-purple morning mist, reflected in the still waters of the canal below; and here and there along the edge great barges are moored to be laden with wood, and their black hulls accentuate the purple reflections in the water. Just lately the County Council have guarded its banks with iron railings, but for years past hosts of children have been tumbling in—some to be saved, others, alas! to be drowned. Not long ago a small boy who was leaning over, "fishing for tiddlers," fell in head foremost, and would have been drowned but for the promptitude of a policeman, who plunged in and rescued him. The boy described afterwards the beautiful green light which he saw as the waters closed over him; he said he had never seen anything like it. One Sunday, in spite of the tall railings, three boys clambered up, and fell in, and Great Cambridge Street looked as if the Pied Piper had walked down it, so great was the crowd of children all hustling towards the bridge to see what they could of the accident.

At any time, unless it is pouring wet or bitterly cold, children strew the street in all directions. A lot of little scraps of boys and girls and babies always crowd the Priory Lodge steps, playing in the tiers one above the other. Someone expostulated with them on the subject, but they had pre-empted their claim, and stuck to the steps, on the plea "Why, it's the Priory!"

The evening hours are the most lively ones in our street, and it is then that the Dunloe Court, mentioned above, comes out in full force. These court ladies, both old and young, are difficult subjects to deal with. About eleven or twelve at night, the girls —big girls, too—dance up and down Great Cambridge Street, shout, and tumble about like so many young colts. One of the Sisters has a class, in the hope of being able to break them in and civilize them a little bit, and I think she is by degrees succeeding, but it is very difficult, for they are a sort of "I care for nobody" species. The other evening one of the class was missing. "Where's Maria to-night?" "Oh, Sister, she can't come in, 'cos she's ahtside paying a Jew boy." "Paying a Jew boy?" "Well, you see, it was like this: the Jew bloke had upset her, and she warn't going to stand his cheek—not likely—so she let him have it pretty 'ot, and she heerd the clock a-striking nine, and knowed as she'd be too late for the class, but she couldn't abear to leave him till she'd give him a thorough good hiding."

The court matrons are fit mothers of such

daughters, but those who attend the mission services, and are present at the "winkle teas" in the winter, poor souls! are striving after better things, and there are gleams of hope here and there, even where it lights up a beery face beneath a greasy black fringe. It is a perpetual repetition of *hope on, hope ever*, and one feels good *must* conquer in the end.

Another feature of our street is the gang of gentlemen who follow the calling of "Charlie Bates and the Artful Dodger," and I am sorry to say that hard by the Priory is a favourite rendezvous of theirs. Only the other day, a grocer's cart was at the door, and the man in the hall delivering goods, when some light-fingered person stole a twelve-pound packet of tea from the cart, in broad daylight in the morning. The robberies in Dalston, and the part of Haggerston just over Queen's Road Bridge, running out of Great Cambridge Street, are notorious. A clergyman who lived only ten minutes walk from the Priory, went out with his sister to spend the day, returning in the evening to find his dog either drugged or stunned, the home upside down, and £30 worth of property stolen. This had been done about five o'clock on a bright June afternoon.

Sundays in our street, especially in the summer, are very eventful days. The young men rush off at early hours towards Lea Bridge and Epping Forest, returning about two or three o'clock — dusty, fagged, but bearing on their bicycles as trophies triumphal boughs of blooming May. Those

whose means will not permit, or whose tastes do not incline to bicycles, crowd down to Club Row and other purlieus of Bethnal Green, returning at various hours laden with flowers in pots, or roots to be planted. These are generally the more sedate—older, and married men. The "gilded youth" bring back cages with birds, and a sort of wild menagerie on wheels, crammed with cocks and hens and pigeons—a painful sight to see, as the poor things look so terrified with the bumps and jolts of the wheels up and down the kerbs; and if the public-house is open at the time they are passing the company generally resort inside for refreshment, leaving the poor birds outside to be poked at and criticized by the children on their way to school. Large brakes pass by, packed with stolid artizans from the Radical Clubs, and sometimes their wives are with them. Each is drawn by three horses, and there is a man on the step tootling dismal wailings from some brass instrument. The "court" young ladies promenade about in their very best clothes—brilliant ultramarine blue, and startling purple, or "voylet," as it is called. They romp less on Sundays than on other evenings, on account of their clothes, which might suffer by contact with the dusty, muddy streets. Here and there from some by-street you may hear the clang of the Salvation Army's cymbals; and now and then a band of Good Templars, or Hospital Sunday collectors, parades by, and sometimes a Volunteer funeral or Church Parade.

Besides all these human beings, Great Cambridge Street abounds in cats. At the very late hours of the

night, when the court gambols are nearly over, you see the lodging-house cat steal out, quickly joined by several other cats—one of whom has only three legs to speak of—and they sniff round the fish-shop opposite, and then begin wild revelries conducted in a stealthy manner, in which, I regret to say, sometimes the S. Saviour's Lodge cat, conspicuous by its white coat, prowls out to join. The Priory cats hold their heads rather above this sort of thing!

This, dear friends, is our street—a sample of the thousands and thousands of dull, lustreless streets in this East End. It makes your heart ache at times to think of the careless irreligion with which it is replete; to hear the unwomanly screams and language of some of the women, the drunken shouts of the men—and worse, of the boys; it makes your heart sorrowful at times to think of the grinding poverty and sickness you feel so little able to alleviate; it makes your heart sink to think of the dead flat of monotony for miles round, of which this is but one sample; but—it makes your heart glow to come across isolated cases of women's kindness and charity to each other, of men's steadfast courage and endurance, and to feel that GOD'S Image, though sorely soiled and defaced, yet shines out now and again with exceeding brightness in these poor souls.

Friends round about

WE have come across some queer friends and queer experiences in Haggerston! We have crossed London in a cab alone with two prize-fighters, and we have minded an old woman's stall in Aldersgate Street for ten minutes or so. This is how the latter came about. We wanted a collar for our dog Toby, as we were rather nervous about his following in the city without a lead, and we came across an old lady selling collars and chains outside the railings of S. Botolph's Church, and accordingly made our purchase. But when the payment began, we found she had no change, and we had none, and she insisted that the only place where it was procurable was an adjacent public-house. So as *one* of us must go for it, we thought it best for her to do so, which she did on the understanding that we and Toby should mind the stall during her absence. No purchasers came, which was a mercy, for we hadn't a notion what was the price of a single article.

Among our friends we numbered a certain Bill Brown, a sort of half-gipsy, half-shoemaking person, but in whom the gipsy part certainly predominated. We knew him originally as a boy. He was generally rambling about Epping Forest after

snakes and queer creatures, and seemed to have a wonderful sympathy with, and influence over animals. He often earned money by catching rats in public-house cellars; and as he caught each separate rat, he stowed it away between his shirt and himself, so that ultimately he was like a sort of live cage, with the animals running and crawling all over him, and, strange to say, never biting him! When he had caught as many as there were, or, as many as his shirt would hold, he sold them to dog-fanciers to teach their terriers how to kill them. He always had a dog, or a ferret, or some animal with him, and he himself could climb like a cat. Mr. Tidy, one of the Priests of S. Augustine's, once turned him out of the Bible Class he was holding in an upstairs room, and Bill swarmed up the gutter pipe, and re-entered by the window.

Another of our Haggerstonians has a wonderful love for animals; she is a lone woman, and lives a solitary life so far as humans are concerned, but a life of community with regard to cats. Homeless, houseless, lonely, miserable cats have from time to time found a haven with her. The only grief is that she is "full up" now, and can receive no more lodgers. She has knocked one of the panes out of her window, in order that the cats may come in and out as they please. A Sister went in one morning, and found her preparing their breakfast—a basin of steamed bread and a little milk poured over it. The basin was on the table, and most of the cats sitting round on the floor in a sort of furry flutter of

expectation, with the exception of two bolder spirits, who had jumped on the table, and were making sharp dabs with their paws into the basin, fishing out bits of scalding bread. She goes out washing during the day, so the cats have the place to themselves, and a very comfortable time they must have of it—so safe and snug from both dogs and boys, as the door is locked, and they jump in and out of their own little hole in the window.

Some of our friends have curious ways of expressing themselves. One of our Sunday class lads asked us for a Folkestone letter for a "pal" who was not well enough to be able to go to the Brighton Hostel. We gave it, and in due time received a letter from the lad telling us how he was getting on. The next Sunday at the Lodge lads' tea we said we had heard from Harry Hall, and he was getting on all right. "'Arry 'All? Who's he? Ain't never heard of him." "Why yes, he's your friend who went to Folkestone." "Oh yes! I know now who you mean: but if you'd have said it was 'the party as lives next door to me,' as you give the letter to, I should have known who you meant, but I'm blessed if I knew who you meant by 'Arry."

In the middle of a girls' Bible-class one of them looked up and said, "I say, Sister, are your relations *religious*?" "Religious? How do you mean, Polly?" "Well, I mean do your relations go to church on Sundays?" "My lor, Poll," broke in another girl, "I'm sure Sister's relations ain't as religious as all that; what we want to know is, don't they never get

drunk, nor swear? That's what we call being religious." The Sister meekly stated that to the best of her knowledge her relations neither drank nor swore, and therefore she hoped they might be considered religious; indeed, she thought they might be considered as *very* religious, since they not only went to church several times every Sunday, but also occasionally on week-days also. "My lor," was the comment, "I should say they *was* just religious!"

A lady visitor casually put in charge of a class one evening, found herself the cynosure of two dozen sharp, bright, scrutinizing eyes, piercing her through like so many gimlets, and taking stock of all the clothes she wore, from her hat to her boots. Presently a voice said, "I say, ain't you never going to be a Sister?" "Well, no, I have never thought of it." This reply seemed rather satisfactory to the questioner, as the young lady had a pretty frock and hat, and looked generally nice, all of which items the penetrating eyes had rapidly taken in. "Ah, I thought as much; I suppose you wouldn't like to put off them clothes, and put on dark kind of things, and caps, like the Sisters; and besides, just fancy being like them and having no money of your own to spend on cherries and ice-cream! My lor, I shouldn't like that!"

Our friends are always very kind and helpful so far as lies in their power. When the Hostel was closed for the winter once, we brought up the carving knives to be reground and renovated, and a very rough friend, with a good heart but an

uncertain character, undertook the job. He had become a friend through the means of others, but we had not had the pleasure of an introduction to the other members of his own family, who were buried in the recesses of some dingy street of Bethnal Green, a little distance from our own locality.

A few evenings after, a very brisk and determined young person, with a brown paper parcel under her arm, arrived in the Priory Hall, and asked for Sister ——, to whom she handed the parcel, which was found to contain the renovated steels, saying, "Jack arst me to give you these here, and he's done them the best he could, and he says he won't take nothing for them, because they're for you, Sister. When he giv 'em me he says, 'You take 'em to the Priory, and you arst for Sister ——.' 'Lor,' says I, 'I don't know no Priory, and I can't arst for no one in that familiar way.' 'Gar on,' says he, 'you go.'" Having delivered her message, the young woman looked round complacently, and continued, "Lor now, and what d'ye call this here place — an 'orspital?" The Sister explained that the Sisters lived here, and had classes and amusements for girls in the evenings. "Ah!" she said, "I was religious myself once, and went to tea meetings and entertainments, but I don't do nothink now." However, the gist of it all was that the Sister should clearly understand that Jack, out of his great regard and respect for her, absolutely refused to take anything for the steels he had so beautifully renovated.

Our lady friends are, as a rule, of a very de-

termined and self-assertive character. One of S. Augustine's parishioners had given the names of himself and his lady-love, who lived in an adjacent parish to the Vicar, to publish the banns of marriage. After the second time of asking, a rough-looking young woman of the coster class, called on him and said, "I say, I forbid them banns!" "What banns?" said he. "Why, *my* banns, as you've called twice, and if you call 'em agin the third time, I'll just let you know why!" "Well, but, my good woman, why do you want to forbid them?" "Well, you see, sir, the reason is this: Me and the gentleman as I *was* a-goin' to marry have fell out, and so now we *ain't* a-goin' to get married—see?" "Well, well," said the Vicar, "as you've gone so far I wouldn't stop them if I were you. Let me give them out for the last time next Sunday, and, you know, even after they've been called three times, you're not *obliged* to be married unless you like." The indignant lady seemed to see a little reason in things viewed from this light, and rejoined, "Well—you can call them if you like, only I tell you candidly, me and my young man ain't never a-going to speak to one another no more, so it won't make much difference to us whether you calls them or not." So they were given out, but within the week following, the lady appeared, hauling in a sheepish-looking fellow, and saying, "Now, Mister, I've just brought him to apologize to you—and I'll take him on again, and we'll get married after all." And so they were.

At another wedding the bridegroom was missing when the clergyman looked for him at the altar, and, on enquiry, the bride pointed to a figure skulking in the dark corners near the door, saying, "You see, sir, he's so bashful like, he can't abear to put hisself forward." So much about East End weddings.

Another friend is an old organ-grinder, who commonly goes by the name of "Old Horgin." He is cross-eyed, crooked-legged, and subject to fits; but he is very friendly when we meet him plying his business round about. He generally tells you, "Yes, Sister, I've bin an' 'ad three fits agin to-day, and I might be took with another any minute while I'm a-talking to you!"

Then there are our special friends, the "Mrs. Fridays." Now these "Mrs. Fridays" are not really *Fridays* at all—their meeting night was Thursdays—but they are the mothers of that nomad tribe of children, not fit for respectable classes, being children who attend the Friday night class, and hence go by the name of *Friday*, and who like to indulge in strong language and assert themselves strongly in other ways. The "Fridays" began first, and the Mothers' Thursday class was scraped together afterwards, from material collected together during the course of hunting up stray and absentee "Fridays," and hence we began at the wrong end and named the parents after the children, dubbing them "Mrs. Fridays." They are a class by themselves, a sort of "dwellers in tents" in the midst of

an otherwise moderately respectable neighbourhood. Their mode of life is casual; the greater part earn their livelihood by making boxes, odd jobs of washing, or any other stray sort of employment which may turn up. The tutelary shrine to which the "Mrs. Fridays" are most apt to pay their devotions is "The John," the adjacent public-house.

The "Fridays" themselves as a rule play about the street till midnight, or even smaller hours, as their mothers don't think of coming home till the publican closes the establishment, thereby breaking up the little coteries of half-pints and accompanying gossip which congregate nightly round the bar. One "Mrs. Friday"—'Liza—who earns her modest wage by scrubbing out an East End theatre, was at one period of her life a great devotee of "John's." There is a legend extant of how, on the occasion of a mothers' excursion in brakes, she had to be ejected when half-way to the destination, and sent home helpless in a cab. Now, more Mission and less "John" have made a respectable woman of her. Both the "Mrs. Fridays" and the "Fridays" themselves attend every Sunday evening at the Mission. The hymns have to be as little varied as possible, so that they may get to know them by heart, for, as the Sister says, it is awkward to begin fresh hymns when five out of every six can't read.

Another "Mrs. Friday," commonly known as "George's Mother," is usually recognizable by wearing a black crape hat, with a scarlet woolly shawl about her shoulders. For whom she dons

the mourning headgear is a matter of abstruse speculation; but if the head mourns, the lower woman rejoices in the brilliant red. As the hour draws near for the Thursday meeting, George, a ne'er-do-well of six years, approaches the Sister and says, "I say, don't you think as it's time as I fetched mother along?" and, diving into the innermost recesses of "The John," produces the lady with the arrangement of *rouge-et-noir*. The "Mrs. Fridays" revel in funerals. However near and dear the lost one may be, the general feeling is that "the mourning takes it off a deal!" One "Mrs. Friday"—old "Aunt Brown"—died not long ago, and the relish of the occasion was intense, as she had three funeral services. The "Mrs. Fridays" subscribed their halfpence for a cross, which was shown at the Mission meeting on Sunday evening, and the layman who conducted the service had a suitable address and hymns; and they gloated over it. Secondly, there was the real funeral service at church; and there was a third sort of service at the next parochial Mothers' Meeting; so "Aunt Brown's" obsequies are a matter not to be forgotten for a long time.

The "Fridays" themselves, as I said, consist of children not respectable enough for respectable or well-behaved classes, children who like to indulge in strong language, and children who assert themselves in ways hardly suitable for close contact with other children whose conduct is formed on a high standard. Among them "George" stands

forth most prominently, and is always coming to the fore. His toilet is more conspicuous for ease than elegance. His mother rejoices in her black crape bonnet and red shawl; George rejoices in a scrap of outer garment, a fragment of shirt, and a great deal of George. He attacked a Priest who was carrrying some flowers with, "What O! give us a button-hole!" We wondered to what portion of George the button-hole was to be attached! George excels in raids on the Mothers' Meeting, much to the annoyance of the mothers and the managing Sister, and after several forcible ejectments continues to make them aware of his presence outside. He also attends the "Fridays" and the Mission Service. At times the "worser" George gets the mastery of the "better" George, and he forcibly announces to his pals that "he ain't a-going no more to that there frowsy Mission!" but audacity, and, perhaps, a little betterness prevails, and the next Sunday sees George there as usual, and as usual taking up his position behind the preacher, sticking his fingers to his nose at the most eloquent parts, in spite of some cleaner-faced, more fully-clad boy calling out, "I say, sir, 'e's a-makin' a nose at yer!" He makes vain endeavours to get admission into the girls' classes, threatening: "I'll holler out all the girls' names through the key-hole if yer don't let me!" The father of this hopeful young "Friday" works in the sewers, in the pay of the Shoreditch Borough Council. "Lor, Sister," says Mrs. Friday, "'e ain't much given to going to church

nor meetings hisself like, but 'e likes as George should go, and when George stops away from school on the 'op, and 'e ketches him, he gives 'im a reg'lar good 'iding. 'Cos 'e says as 'e have used to play the 'op hisself when 'e were a boy, and now 'e can't neither read nor write; so if 'e ketches George a-'opping too, 'e'll let him know why."

Summer is not a time when things are at their briskest among the "Fridays." When the "Mrs. Fridays" have finished their washing, they generally keep their sleeves rolled up, put their hands on their hips, and have a friendly talk. Some, I fear, with whom washing and talk create a most unwholesome thirst, migrate in little parties over to "The John," and emerge from that hostelry at a somewhat late hour, the friendly talk having merged into a series of fierce insinuations and retaliations. "Yes, she"—indicating with her thumb a lady of somewhat large proportions and slightly unsteady gait—"she ain't half cheek enough, has she? I tell you straight, she went to see a lady the other day, and she'd been and put my Jane's noo hat on—like her imperence! A noo hat my gal had worked and paid money for, an' had got it done up all 'the go,' with red flowers and feathers like; and then the cheek of Mary Anne to go and see the lady only two doors off from where my Jane works! I'll Mary Anne her, not half, won't I?" Unconscious Mary Anne, cheered with the refreshments provided by "The John," light of heart, and warbling like a husky nightingale,

prances along in front, every now and then doing a little step, and smiling blandly on the passers-by. Poor souls! poor bodies! Only the other day they were cleaning up, and trying to get ready to hurry off to church in time! We all have our little failings, *Il n'est si bon cheval qui ne bronche;* and it is our duty to try and pull them up, and get them along, and make the stumbles on the road of life fewer and fewer, and not turn our backs on the poor souls, however often they may trip.

At Christmas time, when the festival known as the winkle tea came off, the "kippers" accepted the invitation to meet the "Mrs. Fridays," and partake of all the festivities provided. Not that the "Mrs. Fridays" left their masters at home, for there was a large sprinkling of "Mr. Fridays" present also who all ate and drank, and danced about and enjoyed themselves. Of course, after the fashion of more aristocratic ball-rooms, there was a proportion of wall-flowers, who sat on benches and commented, while the "kippers" and the "Fridays" sung and had a real good time. "My lor," said one lady, "just a-look at Bill Brown a-dancin'! Don't 'e keep it up well considerin' 'e buried his little 'un yesterday!" Poor Bill! he toiled and moiled when he could get anything to toil and moil at, and if the "little 'un" *was* buried yesterday (and there were some seven or eight other small mouths left to be fed at home), who would grudge him the impromptu dance with one of the Sunday school young men, which made him prance like a rhinoceros,

and forget for a few moments all the cares and troubles of life?

But the "Mrs. Fridays" in general are rather critical as to each other's line of conduct. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith quarrelled down the court, and assailed each other with hairpins. They had both buried babies at the same time. Mrs. Jones had put up her shutters, and behaved herself as a "Friday" should; whereas, alas! poor Mrs. Smith "didn't 'ave 'er shutters up, and she walked in a blue body the day of the funeral, showing a deal o' want o' respect!" "Well," retorted Mrs. Smith, "an' if I *did*, ain't that better than some people as I know, as 'ad to be 'elped 'ome, and 'elped into bed, too, acos they couldn't get along by theirselves, even if they *did* wear black, and put up their shutters?" This was unanswerable, and therefore the hairpins were called into requisition, and a deadly encounter took place between the ladies.

Whatever may happen to the babies while they are alive, the minute their poor little souls have drifted out of the little white feeble bodies, they seem to be invested with a sort of supernatural interest, and the one aim and object of "Mrs. Friday" and the attendant lady "Fridays" is to vie with each other in "respect for the poor little dear." It is Arthur Morrison's story of "The Plooms" acted over and over again. Sister has to go and see it, and if flowers have been sent to the Priory to take a bunch to put into the little waxy hands, while the hasty, kind-hearted, impulsive, but beery

"Mrs. Fridays" gather round and wail. Sister was placed in rather an awkward predicament once when she had to take some snowdrops—just arrived fresh from Cheshire—to put on a dead baby, and also convey the tickets of admission to the forthcoming winkle tea. She slipped the card on to the chimney-piece, and said, "That's your card, Mrs. Robinson, but don't look at it now; let us think of the baby." Mrs. Robinson wept in her apron copiously, but nevertheless her unoccupied hand stole out to secure the pink ticket. Poor dears! How like they are to great children; smiles and tears, and anger and sorrow, and happiness—and, I fear, much drink and many unkind words—all sweeping in turn across them, as they abandon themselves alternately to the exquisite pleasure of "a real good cry," or "a real good time." Dashes of religious yearnings now and then mingle with their other emotions. They *will* come to the Mission service, they *want* to come to church, they *mean* to pray, they—and then something happens, and all the sunlight of the striving after the betterment has been swept out of their souls, and spiteful angry words come up—hairpins, and pots of beer! Still, they *do* strive; and let us help the dear people all we can to struggle "upwards and onwards!"

The old poet, Henry Vaughan, says:—

> "Stars are of mighty use; the night
> Is dark and long;
> The road foul, where one goes right,
> Six may go wrong;"

and, I am thankful to say, Haggerston has been brightened by a few such stars, who have guided and assisted the many who have "gone wrong." Mr. Charles Astley Morris, the genial churchwarden of S. Augustine's, Haggerston, was a shining light to many a one in the darkness; and so was also Mr. Frank Warren, of S. Chad's, the memory of whose kindness and sympathy will always remain with that generation of lads and young men who came in contact with him. That courteous, polished, kindly, Christian Priest, the Rev. George Wingate, when he entered on his work as Vicar of S. Mary's, Haggerston, brought a strength and cheeriness with him which infused a new life into the place; and his memory will be there as lasting as that stone cross, erected as a memorial of him, in the churchyard of S. Mary's. There was another star, and a very bright one while it shone among us in Haggerston, and that was Miss Christina Bridge. A wonderful strong, brave soul in her life-time, it was not ordained, by GOD'S all-seeing wisdom, that she should go home by the ordinary way of suffering and weakness. During her usual summer expedition to Switzerland in the August of 1899, while walking among the mountains, there was one little slip, a fearful fall of several hundred feet, and all was over!

If our night is "dark and long," I think the stars the good GOD gives us from time to time have indeed been "of mighty use."

Christmas Day in the "Kip," 1964

THE caretaker at the men's lodging-house, or "Kip," as it is called, had been making each of the men put by a penny a week out of their earnings, and had put by his own little bit too, so that the "Missis" was able to get them a real good dinner on Christmas Day. This was the news the Sister heard one day, and two of us settled to join the festive party. The day itself was an exceptionally beautiful one—not too cold, no rain, plenty of sunshine, and dry under foot. It even seemed to brighten up poor gray old Haggerston; and it was nice in the early morning to see the crowds of people pouring out of the churches after the early celebrations: as the six o'clock communicants trooped out, the seven o'clock crowded in, and these were succeeded again by the eight o'clock ones. A good many of the dear "Mrs. Fridays" went to the eight o'clock service at S. Mary's, and behaved with the greatest reverence, although, of course, they did not make their communions. The morning wore away, and three o'clock was the hour when the feast was to begin, so about that time the caretaker's

Missis, white-aproned and smiling, was seen to rush into the street from the lodging-house, capture a small boy, and send him across to the Priory to tell us "dinner was ready to be dished up." Off we went, up the two newly-whitened doorsteps, along the narrow passage, and down the dark and tortuous stairs into the kitchen. Here a splendid fire was glowing in scarlet depths behind the bars of the grate—a large grate it was—so arranged that the men could on ordinary days each cook his own little particular "relish," whether it was a bloater or a kipper, or whatever might be the fancy of the moment. Two tables ran down the room, where the poor fellows—these failures of society, out at elbow, out of heart, out of pocket, out of friends, and very often out of work—were seated round in pleased expectancy. Most of them were old and worn and bent, and life's troubles had left traces on all their countenances; some were younger, one was a lad, and two were quite boys; but all were ill-clad, unkempt, and dirty.

In the back kitchen the caretaker was carving meat as hard as he could, while an assistant scooped up mealy potatoes and succulent vegetables out of attendant pots, and heaped them on to the plates, the whole making a sort of delicious harmony of red, white, and green. The Missis handed the plates to the company, saying, "Here you are; are you all served? Them as has got knives and forks use them, and them as ain't must eat with their fingers." In due course of time they were all served; one

young, rather impudent-looking man, called out, "Say, how do I look behind all this?" pointing to the tri-coloured heap on his plate. One poor old man, wrinkled, worn, and bent, looked sadly at the plate before him, as he gently adjusted the potato with the tip of his finger so that it soaked up more gravy. He was one of the knife-and-forkless ones. Jars of salt, cups of mustard, and saucers of pickles were scattered over the table. But before the fray began, the Missis shouted out, "Now then, stand up every one of you, and Sister'll say grace." Sister did, and the voice of an old man from the remote depths of the corner called out, "Thank ye kindly, mum, the same to you, and many on 'em." And then they began to attack the food. It was like Prince Charlie's Highlanders at Culloden, those who had weapons used them, those who hadn't used their fingers. We found they were not all assembled though. Wavering and uncertain steps descended the stairs, and gentlemen who had evidently been "refreshing" to a slight extent, stumbled in, very eager to shake hands with the Sisters, and very loth to leave go each Sister's hand when shaken. But the Missis sent them to their places, and ordered them to eat. A blear-eyed puppy, who was sitting in the fender, thought it a good opportunity to crawl out and wander under the table, hopeful of bits, also two kittens, but they, bolder and more capable than the puppy, climbed up the men's legs, and so brought themselves on a level with the table. Cages of poor little cramped birds hung on the walls, and they

sung and chirped and twittered as if they wished to do their best to show their appreciation of everything. The Missis' baby, who had been tucked under her arm when we entered, had been annexed by one of the Sisters, who was an old friend, and in whose kindly arms baby sat beaming on the company.

Several of them were looking forward to a "Sing-song" in the evening. "We'll sing some songs for you, a real treat, Sister," said the man who called attention to himself behind his plate, "We'll have a real good time of it this evening, and after twelve o'clock we'll kick up a blooming row!" Whether the men thought the Sisters were going to sit in the "kip" kitchen, singing with the men till after midnight, I don't know, but I pictured to myself the astonishment of the policeman on beat, who should look to see what the hilarious noise meant, and find the two Sisters in the midst of it! I thought the gentleman must have been a little bit "on" to deliver his soul of these sentiments. Anyhow, the Missis cut in with, "Now, you gentlemen, you as *can* sing must stop after tea and sing, for the Sisters are coming again; as for the drunks, you may go out?" The Missis and the caretaker allow no intoxicating drinks inside the house on any pretence. Of course, if the men drink outside, they have no control over that, but they are expected to behave themselves when they come in, or, if they don't, the Missis "slings them out" herself. She is a little, delicate-looking, pretty woman, only twenty-four, but she has them well in hand, and makes them mind. We left

when they were well on with the feeding, promising to look in again at seven o'clock.

The Christmas afternoon passed as Haggerston Christmas afternoons generally do pass. Groups and twos and threes of people going out to their friends; children running about in clean pinnies; dogs having a holiday and getting out with their masters for a stroll—a treat, as a rule, only enjoyed on a Sunday. Up the street an organ played, and about twenty girls, with arms interlaced, resplendent in bright blue and "voylet" best frocks, and shining hair combed down to their noses like ponies, danced wonderful steps and figures to the tunes. Advance, recede, toe and heel, turn, sling round, and link arms again, and so *da capo* and *da capo*, as long as the organ played. Two young women with babies, following two husbands (mere boys), who rolled along in front, danced and jigged and faced each other, with their babies in their arms staring with round eyes over their mother's shoulders in a solemn way, as if reproving their hilarity. But towards seven o'clock the streets grew silent. Folks had gone indoors to eat and drink and gossip and romp. The policeman had the pavement to himself, and one or two cats scudded about on the prowl. We set out for our "kip" again, and, rather to our relief, found "the drunks" had taken the Missis at her word, and were making an evening of it elsewhere. It looked really most comfortable and cosy, did the kitchen! The flameless fire was glowing crimson and scarlet, and an enormous kettle silhouetted itself

on an iron bar in front, and, as Newman says, "hissed and groaned under the internal torment of water at boiling point." The puppy, mindful perhaps of hot drops spurted from its gaping spout, had vacated its berth in the fender, and was sitting on a young man's knee, this said young man being the accepted lover of Sue, the caretaker's sister, who helped the Missis in the household. She was a comely, fair-haired young person, and she and another young lady friend were having a little romp with the young man with regard to the possession of a certain fur boa, rather to the detriment of the puppy's comfort, which ended at last in the young lady friend saying it was time for her to go home: and so, snatching the boa, she said, "Good-night all," and hurried up the stairs, followed by Sue and her young man, who were going to "see her off"—rather a festive proceeding, to judge by the shrieks and giggles we heard from the door: and when Sue and her young man returned she pantingly exclaimed, "Why, you a'most tore her to bits!" All these proceedings were as nothing to the men, who sat solemnly round the table chumping slices of bread and butter—"doorsteps"—and drinking the hot, sweet tea which the caretaker walked round pouring out of a washhand-basin jug; while the chink and rattle of winkle-shells was heard everywhere. We partook of some of the tea, which was very good, and, as one by one the men finished and pulled out their pipes and "a bit o' baccy," the Missis, having consigned the baby to Sue, began clearing away the cups and saucers into the back.

Sue's sister Lal, a poor girl in the last stage of consumption, was sitting by the chimney-piece, leaning against the iron fender, white, shaky and trembling in the midst of all the joviality—but she *would* come downstairs, "it kind of cheered her up." The Missis, in her rough way, said, "It 'ud be the best job the Almighty 'ad ever done, if it pleased Him to have took her!" To us this may sound somewhat irreverent, but it was said in all faith and simplicity, in all trust in the Almighty FATHER, that it might be right for her to be taken from her pain and suffering. And Lal is a good girl. Little Joe, in a gorgeous Stewart tartan, toddled about all round; Jenny, his elder sister, divided herself between the kitchen and the street. Poor child! the latter is her only playground, and little girls must run and jump about, for which there is no room in an underground kitchen full of men, nor in a backyard where, as the saying goes, "there is not room to swing a cat in." Her mother, the Missis, is very anxious she should be on her best behaviour before us, and is always shouting, "Now where's your manners, Lady Jane 'Air-oil?" when the child demands bread and butter without a "please." "'Ere you are, 'ere's a 'doorstep' for you," cutting a thick slice commonly known by that name; "and now, miss, what d'ye say for it?"

"Lor, we *'ave* 'ad an afternoon," said Mrs. Jones, a lady from the court opposite, who had stepped in with her baby; "you'd ought to have been here, Sister; the chaps they all blacked their faces and sang songs."

"Did you black your face?" one of us asked the Missis.

"Me, Sister! No; they'd better mind what they're about, not arstin' me. If you don't show you're Missis in your own 'ouse, why where are you?"

The lady certainly *did* show she was "Missis." A lumping and a bumping came downstairs, and a man lurched in, and began to talk in a loud voice, and punch the others about. "Now then, stop that, can't you?" she screamed. "'Ere, Downey, hold Joe," snatching up the child, and giving it to a meek, subdued-looking youth. "Now, Brown, out you go; if you can't enjoy a quiet evening along of us in a proper way, why you go and spend it somewhere else," and she caught hold of the big fellow, scuffed him out, and handed him to her husband to push upstairs and throw into the street. "Pity he's like that; he's been a teetotaller for years and like a lamb, and 'elped the Wesleyans in their Temperance Mission; it's all that nasty drink he's got hold of somehow, but he'll be all right to-morrow." After this ejection, peace seemed to be somewhat restored, and as the majority of the party had finished their tea, they began to clear up, move the tables into the scullery, and a red, hairy-faced man commenced to sweep the floor with such vigour that I thought we should all have been swept out.

Then one of S. Mary's, Haggerston, workers, who sometimes comes to help on Sunday evenings, appeared, in company with a sailor and a small portable

harmonium, which was put in the middle of the room, facing the fire; and the men began to arrange themselves on the benches which ran round the wall. One of the number, a Scotchman, commonly known by the name of Mac, came up to us and began a long speech, insisting that "a shentleman 's always a shentleman—isn't he, Sister?—however low down he comes in the world, but he 's always a shentleman, all the same, now isn't he?" We decidedly agreed, for this gentleman had evidently partaken of something which had put him into that state of mind when to contradict is hardly wise. The Missis insisted he should take his place with the others, and the Sunday evening friend, having shaken hands and said a kindly word to each, began to deal out hymn books, when again the stairs creaked and groaned, a heavy uncertain tread, and a "bricky" sort of looking young fellow, in a dirty shirt, corduroys, and clayey boots, floundered in, and began to pat Lal on the cheek.

"Now, none of that!" shouted the Missis; you just sit down, Bricky, and be quiet!" Bricky, a stout clumsily-made person, elected to sit down on the corner of a fender, huddled up with his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees, and a cigarette between his fingers. He must be a kind-hearted fellow when not "in liquor," for little Joe ran to him; but Bricky seemed bent on teaching him to smoke, which the Missis' husband resenting, he carried the child off and kept him on his lap. And the puppy crawled out from under a bench, and made up to

him, and he took his head and front paws in his arms, leaving a quivering pair of hind legs and a curly tail on the floor, and in this position the pair went off to sleep.

One of the Sisters took her place at the harmonium, another took the scrappy little yellow-and-white kitten on her lap, the Missis took little Joe on hers; Sue, curled and radiant, squeezed herself in on the bench between the men, and we started "Hark! the herald angels sing!" The men sang with all their hearts and voices, the Sunday helper leading; the little birds in the cages on the walls woke up and twittered their own little accompaniment, and the strength with which the last verse was rendered actually woke up Bricky, who fell forwards on his hands and knees on the floor, mercifully not on the puppy, who thereupon came to me and nestled up in my lap. It was lucky he did so, for in every subsequent chorus Bricky started up, and fell forwards in the same helpless position, remaining there for a minute or so till he could pull himself together and regain his seat on the fender.

After the hymns were over, the Missis shouted, "Now which of you gentlemen 's going to give us a song? Now then, Fishy Jack, give us one? What, you can't? Well then, you Toffy. Not you either? Now Scotty?" But apparently the spirit of song rested upon none of them, and even her efforts to drag them forward by her unencumbered hand failed. Presently a blear-eyed, crippled youth rose and said, "I don't mind if I do," and shambling to

the front of the fire, started on a song relative to a lady whose husband was on the seas. He sang low, and we didn't hear all, and perhaps it was as well we didn't; however, this beginning broke the ice, and after a good deal of commanding and entreating from the Missis, Scotty came forward and gave us a really good song. Then a very old man piped out something, then some younger ones—all the songs mostly in the minor key, and a strain of sadness through all:—"Mother's Grave," "The Leaf in the Bible," and sundry others more or less plaintive. Sue recollected the best part of Arthur Lennard's "Skylark," which she sang in a rich, sweet voice, very pleasant to listen to, and all the company joined in the chorus. Then they begged the Missis to sing, and she, with the aid of a pink paper, on which a large selection of songs were printed, gave us a very nice one in a very nice voice. Then a shirt-sleeved, close-cropped lad confessed to knowing two verses of a song, and so was hauled out to sing them; they were apparently about a gentleman who tried to ride a horse, but finding it had too many legs for him, ended in coming to the ground, and resolving in future never to try anything more fiery than his mother's clothes-horse. A goodish-looking young fellow, in moleskins and a very ragged jersey, with his arms largely tattooed in various patterns, came forward, and after asking us to "excuse the voice," gave us a real good sea song. As the songs progressed and the choruses multiplied, the company warmed up. One of the kittens crawled

on to the shoulder of a poor wizened old man who was dropping asleep over his pipe. The puppy stretched out his little legs on somebody's lap; its old mother, a dirty white terrier, appeared from a foraging expedition in the street, which seemed to have been successful, as she came bumping a great bone down the stairs, and gnawed it with much gusto in the background. All the little birds in the tiny cages woke up again and chirruped lustily. A lady from the court opposite, one of the "Mrs. Fridays," came downstairs from over the way, but seeing so much company, tried to beat a retreat. This was frustrated by the Missis, who pulled her back into the room and made her take a seat.

I forgot to say that the Priory Chaplain came in for a few minutes to see the festivities, and had a talk with Sue, who told him she had a long walk to her work every day. "Where do you work?" said he. "I go to Holborn, close again Leather Lane—that's where I works. And where do you work?" He acknowledged to her, with a smile, that he also worked in Holborn—at a place called S. Alban's.

It was proposed to close the entertainment with "Auld Lang Syne," and as the company in general only knew one verse, Mac volunteered to oblige with a second, and it was a real joy to hear the pretty Scotch accent in which he rendered it. I think it was the swing of the tune which got into Sue's head, but up she jumped and commenced a jig with marvellously elaborate steps, and Mac footed it

opposite with some reel steps, and then one or two other of the younger men joined in, and the Sister played away, and they had a few minutes' thoroughly good time. Quiet being restored, the Sunday helper suggested we should have the Sunday parting hymn, "GOD be with you till we meet again," and this they sang most reverently and heartily. It was a touching sight—those sad and careworn faces above the ragged shabby clothes, all with the same sort of hopeless, helpless expression, the expression of having been worsted and trampled down, the expression of a sort of "don't care," and "what matters a little more or less? Let us eat and drink to-day, *while* we can get it; to-morrow will come, but let us wait till to-morrow comes, and don't let us think of the future." To-night they are warm and comfortable in the red glow of the firelight, the cravings of hunger are stayed, and they have nearly all got, or have had, a little screw of tobacco; and some of them, such as Mac and Bricky, have had a little something stronger than beef or tobacco, or the tea and winkles of the evening—but to-morrow or next week they may have nothing for their night's lodging, and nothing to eat. There they sit, with unwashed faces, and ragged, shabby clothes, every man with the same sort of hopeless, downtrodden, been-worsted-in-the-fight expression. The red glow of the fire flickered over them, touching up the rough, coarse faces with bright flashes of light, showing the rags and patches of their clothing, and making deep black shadows in the corners. Whatever their lives had been, whether it

was their own fault or their misfortune only which had brought them to this low estate, each one has a soul which CHRIST was born into the world on Christmas night to save. And so we left them with the words ringing round the room, "GOD be with you till we meet again!"

A "Kip" Funeral.

"PLEASE, Sister," said a breathless voice, "Lal died at six this morning, she busted a blood-vessel," and the deputy's little girl from the "Kip" stood, flushed with excitement and running, and full of pride withal, at being the bearer of the tidings to the Priory.

Poor Lal had been in consumption for long past; if you remember, she came downstairs on Christmas Day into the "Kip" kitchen, but the effort was a great one for her, though these last few weeks she had somehow picked up a little. A baby was born to the Missis, and Lal had liked to help a little with the nursing and with doing things for the children, and, with the sunshiny weather, was beginning to talk in a hopeful way of getting about a bit and doing something. But one bright April morning the end came, and rather unexpectedly. What kind, soft hearts these rough men have! Long Tom and Booky Bill and Mac and Bricky all felt they wanted to do something to show their sympathy, and they didn't know how to do it. They fidgeted about, and they went up and looked at her, and they went back into the kitchen and fidgeted about there, in very dirty shirt sleeves and with very grimy faces, and they were extra kind to baby Joe, who, in the

general confusion of things, took the opportunity of clambering up the stairs, one at a time, and wandering out into the street on his own account, and was only just rescued from being run over by a dust cart. During Lal's illness they had waited upon her with all the tenderness of women—carried up her cup of tea from the kitchen, deftly laid and lighted her fire, ministered to her in every way they could, or, if there was nothing definite they could do, had dropped in with a kindly word now and again, "just to cheer the poor girl up a bit like."

The Missis' little girl, who leads a sort of "Topsy" existence of caring for nobody and nobody caring for her, takes out these afflictions by letting her tongue run in the street among the neighbours and narrating every bit of eventful gossip to the children of the court ladies opposite. On this particular morning she was sent to school. "We don't want *our* business talked all over the place outside," said Sue. The Missis, whose baby was to be christened that very day, murmured, "Well, the Almighty might a-spared me this, I think; just at this time, too!" Sister had to put by, with a sigh of regret, the pretty pink tie-ups she had prepared for baby's frock for the christening, and yet she had not the heart to give the tiny mite black ones, so white was hurriedly provided. Afflictions, indeed, did not come singly, for the Missis' mother, who kept a beer-shop in the city, died the day after Lal. There were various complications about the relationships of this lady, as when the Missis' father had

been buried some years before, there had been two widows following the coffin. It is simply a marvel that the Missis has grown up what she has if one thinks of what a terrible *entourage* she had as a child! Poor soul! She looked such a delicate, frail little woman when we went in a day or two before the funeral to look at Lal lying in her coffin. Poor little white-faced Joe was standing by her, and the new baby lay in her arms. "Well, and how are you yourself, Missis?" "Ah, as well as can be expected with two lying dead; one here and the other out Holborn way. I hardly know how I get along at all. But you'd like to see Lal?" and she gave the baby to Sister A. and pushed back the coffin-lid. It was a sweet young face that lay peacefully among the cut-paper frillings, for the look of pain and weariness it had borne during its suffering life had all disappeared, and the delicate features were full of a restful repose. Little Joe was staggering round on his unsteady legs, saying, "Box! box!" and pointing to the coffin, which stood with its massive brass furniture glittering in the stray rays of light peeping through the blinds. And yet, you know, even in grief there is a sort of luxury! The luxury of a good talk about it all, a description of every detail, the being *somebody* for the time being, the taking the many droppers-in to look at the poor body, the pleasure of receiving the gifts of flowers, the satisfaction of the mourning, and —dear to the heart of many besides Haggerston women—the indulgence of a good cry. The death

of a near relative confers a sort of dignity, which recalls the Irish story of how at a wake someone said, "The fader of the corpse would like to take a glass wid ye." Poor dears! And yet the sorrow, though alleviated by these various circumstances, is yet very real and true.

The funeral took place on a lovely May afternoon. The sun was brightening up even gray old Haggerston. The "kippers" had put their halfpence together to buy a floral offering in the shape of a harp, which two of them fetched from the florist in the morning, and various other offerings of flowers came in. We went on a little before the time fixed for the funeral, and waited in the porch of S. Mary's Church. It was all very calm and peaceful. The sun shone on the spring flowers in the churchyard, and the little sparrows chirped and cheeped about on the grass. A shopmate of Sue's and some other friends came and sat on a seat by the door; various passers-by, seeing signs of an approaching ceremony, collected along the railing outside, and a policeman, perceiving that something was about to take place, added his stalwart form to the straggling row of gazers. The verger tolled the bell at intervals; and we sat in the sunny porch leading into the cool dark church inside. Presently the four "kippers" who were to carry the coffin up the nave shambled in. Poor, outcast flotsam and jetsam of the great ocean of humanity! They were clad as decently as circumstances would permit, and were as clean as yellow soap and much friction from the towel in the back-

yard could make them. One had a collar, and he seemed to have been, in better days, of rather a superior class. They sat down and waited patiently. It was not an unaccustomed attitude; they were always waiting patiently day after day for something to "turn up," and only to a very few did the occasional "something" come in fits and starts. Bricky, poor Bricky! who had not been one of those elected to be bearers, arrived presently. The uncertainty as to his condition, owing to frequent libations, had precluded the idea of his being quite up to helping as a bearer. He looked like a great rosy-faced child, leaning against the wall a little behind the others, sobbing and drawing his cuff across his face at intervals. As the roll of the wheels drew near, and we saw the plumes nodding in the distance, we took our places near the top of the church, and shortly after the procession entered, the "kippers," bearing their sad burden, the wailing women, arrayed in deepest black following. The Missis bore up like the little Trojan she is —deadly white, with set lips, leaning on her husband, the caretaker's, arm, whose young face bore the marks of so much sorrow and anxiety that this extra wave seemed as if it could not leave another mark or wrinkle on it.

The mourners arranged themselves on the south side and the "kippers" on the north, Bricky, and a gray-haired man, known as "Marie Lloyd," occupying the seats immediately in front of us. It was a very simple service. Some hymns they all knew

—one being "GOD be with you till we meet again," which we had last sung together on Christmas night in the kitchen, when Lal came down for almost the last time. The Priest spoke a few simple words, pointing out what a lesson Lal's patient, suffering life had been to them all, and how, of the very little which was possible to her, she had "done what she could" in the way of helpfulness. Sue sobbed and cried hysterically. A stout, red-faced lady, in brownish black, who had with difficulty inserted herself on the other side of us, knelt and moaned and cried aloud, "Oh, Lal! Lal!" Bricky had constant recourse to a dingy-looking handkerchief, the application of which to his tearful face revealed all the rents and breaches in his garments. Poor Bricky, he had a little beer and much sorrow within him, for he has a good, kind, affectionate heart.

And so it was all over, and the sad procession filed out of the shadowy church into the sunshine, and departed on the way to Ilford, with the refrain of our last Christmas meeting ringing in our ears, "GOD be with you till we meet again!"

Bethlehem Tableaux at Plaistow, 1903

THE little blue tickets we received for admission to the Bethlehem *Tableaux*, which were to be presented by the "Society of the Divine Compassion," at Canning Town Hall, told us the doors would be open at half-past seven, and the *Tableaux* begin at eight. It is always a difficult matter to get away from the Priory—one thing after another comes cropping up to be done; one person after another arriving on most important business; one letter after another dropping into the letter-box, which requires, generally, an immediate answer. However, we managed to slip free, and our little party assembled on Shoreditch railway platform just in time to find the gate barred in our faces, and see the Poplar train starting off. Only ten minutes passed before another one came up, in which we departed. At Dalston Junction a good-natured, sleepy-looking young fellow got in, carrying a dejected-looking whippet, buttoned up in a thick clothing, with a wire muzzle on. We attributed the poor little beast's depressed state to the muzzle and the covering, but the lad said "No." He and the dog

had travelled from the North, starting at ten that morning, and he and the dog were "fair tired out." The dog would meet his master at Bow, and then "he'd be all right." After their exit on to the dusky platform at Bow, we soon reached Poplar, and emerged into the glaring, bustling Barking High Road, where a jolting red bus took us rapidly along into an unknown land.

A fellow-passenger, a good-natured girl, told us some high walls we were passing were the East India Docks, and hearing our destination, told us we must ask for Canning Town Hall, where at length we were set down, and we mingled with the crowd of aspirants who struggled in between the two policemen on the steps. At the top of the staircase, a Priest in a monk's habit, Father Chappel, the Superior of the Society, stood and collected the tickets as the people passed in. The Hall is a large one, it was three-parts full when we entered, and before long was densely packed with a most quiet, orderly audience; a good proportion being men — *bona fide* working men.

At the top of the hall a thick curtain veiled the stage, above which on each side was a little open gallery: one was occupied by a chorus of female voices; from the other Father Chappel sang the Gospels.

At eight o'clock a tall figure in a monk's habit stepped before the curtain, and with a gesture of his hand commanded silence. It was Father Andrew, the artist-monk, who had planned and arranged the

Bethlehem. He told the people the *tableaux* were not spectacles to be gazed upon for amusement, but they were to represent the mysteries of our LORD'S infancy, of which we were so specially thinking this Epiphanytide. Then, at the sound of a bell, the electric lights were extinguished, the curtain drew up, and we saw before us the most lovely picture of the Annunciation. Mary, in her beauty and purity, a true lily of Nazareth, was kneeling in rapt devotion, as the angel entered on his mystic message. The light, the colour, the *mise-en scéne*, were simply perfect. Picture after picture was placed before us, each in the same beautiful harmony of colouring, representing scene after scene of our LORD'S birth and infancy.

The rich orange, the vivid blue, the superbly blended and toned colours of every *tableau* reminded me most forcibly of Tissot's pictures. The way the lights and shades of the very picturesque scenery was managed was marvellous. The attitudes of the actors were most graceful—every detail must have been most carefully planned, and every effect most deeply studied, to produce such a harmonious whole. It was a sight indeed which I can never forget. The breathless attention of the great crowd, sitting in darkness, out of which you saw white eager faces, gazing awe-struck in rapt attention. Here and there down the side of the room you dimly saw the dark habit of a monk: from the galleries above you heard now the sweet voices of the chorus, then the words of the Gospel solemnly chanted by the Priest,

and framed in by the darkness around was the holy picture, glowing with light, vivid with colour, every figure picturesquely posed against the softly-shaded background. It was altogether most wonderful. We felt that we realized each scene of the Holy Childhood as we never had before—as if we were ourselves actually taking some real part in each Mystery.

At the close, when the last Gospel had been chanted, the curtain had veiled the last *tableau*, and the electric lights had sprung up to illuminate the hall, Father Andrew once more stepped on to the platform. He came, not as before in his plain monk's habit, to explain and to talk to the people —but he came now as the Priest, in cotta and stole, to pray with them the prayer of the Incarnation, the collect for the Annunciation, and then to raise his hand and dismiss them with his blessing.

As we passed out into the noise and bustle of the Barking Road, we felt we carried with us, then and for ever, memories of an evening such as could never be forgotten.

An Epiphany Pilgrimage:

The Story of a Boys' Tea at S. Saviour's, Walthamstow

An Epiphany pilgrimage, from Haggerston to Walthamstow! On a dark, cold night, on the 7th of January, 1896, my friend and I hurried across London Fields to the G.E. Railway Station, whose crimson, green, and yellow lights flashed out in the distance against the black, opaque foreground. "Train just due—hurry up!" said the ticket clerk, and we rushed along miles of passage and staircase, to find ourselves hot and breathless on the dimly-lighted platform, while at least four trains passed before ours puffed slowly up, chock-full of passengers from the city. Room for two was found, where we wedged ourselves in, and a boy who followed us leant against the steaming window. Not a long journey—Hackney Downs, Clapton, and then S. James Street. One of the Sisters met us and piloted us along flaring, noisy, busy S. James Street, then suddenly turned up sundry dark, narrow lanes and backways, which, she said, led to S. Alban's Hall, but in which—if by good luck we had ever found them—we should have been most certainly lost but for her kind guidance. "What

a place to get your throat cut on a dark night!" said one of us. "Yes, is it not?" she said. "I was here one night when I found two women fighting, and tried to stop them, and the husbands came up, and each, of course, accused the other's wife of being the cause of the quarrel; but here we are," as we emerged from the dark lane into a wider space, where a large building confronted us. She knocked with her knuckles, and we knocked with sticks and umbrellas, and a few boys listening outside tendered sundry information and advice, and at last the door opened, and we were ushered upon a scene of great festivity, the din of which had fairly drowned our piteous appeals for admission.

The room was large and square and bright, and highly decorated with festoons and wreaths of green, and hung with bright pictures of Scotsmen in philibegs, which much pleased my friend, who is a Highlander. The company assembled at tea was the most lovely assemblage of roughs you can imagine. Lads of all ages, from twelve or fourteen up to two or three and twenty—for the most part costers, or bricklayers and labourers, apparently—in mud-encrusted hobnails, striped jerseys, and rough brown working clothes. A large proportion had their heads polled, except for a thick forelock which hung over the forehead, which style of head-dress, I believe, is very suitable for boxing. These guests were seated at large tables, very cheery, very comfortable, and very gracious, being waited upon by the Rev. C. Maitland, at that time Vicar of

S. Saviour's, and his wife, assisted by two other clergy, the two Sisters, and some of the Church workers. Mr. Ware, one of the Priory "old boys," who lived at Walthamstow, acted as generalissimo of the forces, and marched up and down and round about, very stalwart, very strong and determined, much respected, and somewhat feared. What the Sisters would do without his kindly aid every night in the management of these boys we do not really know. Mrs. Ware, also a native of Haggerston and a member of the Guild of S. Michael and All Angels, was assisting with all her might to dispense the food. They all looked comfortable and well filled, and indeed we do not wonder, for we heard they had been busy the last three-quarters of an hour steadily working their way through sausage rolls, bread and butter, cake, and other delicacies up to the present point, when nature, sorely against the masculine will, obliged them to say, "Can't eat no more!" "I'm only filling their cups half up now," said the Vicar's wife; "I really believe they have had about ten each!" and so I should think they had. "I ain't eat so much I don't know when!" was the remark one heard from various quarters.

A due period being allowed for stowing away cups and coffee urns, during which young Walthamstow leant their elbows on the tables and surveyed each other and the world in general with the smiling benignity consequent on having eaten as much as they could, discussion arose as to which entertainment was to be next on the board—singing or

boxing; and finally the authorities decided on the former. Vigorous, active, ubiquitous Mr. Ware had the boards removed and leant against the wall, and the trestles packed away somewhere, and the chairs ranged in a gigantic circle facing the platform, on which one of the clergy mounted and presided at the piano. "Now then, which of you fellows will give us a song?" A small, rather pretty-looking boy, slightly better dressed than some, got up, and with a remarkably good voice sang something tuneful and sentimental, with a chorus, in which approving young Walthamstow joined, leaning well back in their chairs, with legs wide apart, hands in trousers pockets, and a "fag" in their mouths. Fags were scarce articles among them, as their money did not always rise to the price, and I noticed that when one, with a sort of monarchal air, flung a half-smoked one into the middle of the circle, a gaunt-looking youth sprang forward, snatched it up alight, and put it between his lips with evident relish. "That little 'un," said a lad sitting near me, "as is a-singing now, 'e 's a *pro*, 'e sings at the music-halls!" Other songs succeeded this little *pro's* performance, and a nice-looking, costermongery sort of a fellow sang a fascinating song we had heard last year from the girls of the Good Shepherd, called "They led him to the hillside." We could not catch all the words on either occasion, and a printed copy seemed unprocurable, but it sounded like a song of '98, about suffering and dying in the cause of the freedom of Ireland.

Due space having been allowed for song-singing, Mr. Ware's tall gray figure appeared to the fore, saying, "Now, my lads, widen out a bit, and we'll have a turn with the gloves." These gloves, we remembered, were the kind gift of some gentleman who had heard of the lads' needs through the *Orient Magazine*. And now there was a great upheaval among the crowd. Stalwart shoulders and cropped heads of lads, who had been sitting in the background, rose up and commenced "peeling," thereby revealing very unwashed, ragged shirts, or apologies for shirts, and general defects altogether in the garments. A big heavy-weight and a lighter-built fellow put on the gloves and stepped forward first. "See him?" said young Music Hall, who sat near, "that's (some pugilistic celebrity—I could not catch the name) and the little 'un he's a-bringing out." Great expectation and keen interest were evinced as the two combatants playfully dabbed each other about in the ring, the big one ducking and the little one sparring up, with no end of talent evinced, till a hoarse voice, which sounded as if it was used to holloa "greens," came from a knot of big lads, and shouted, "*Time!*" and the panting combatants retreated to their corners, where their friends flicked a silk handkerchief in their faces and wiped them round the ears to cool them. "Have a blow, gents?" ejaculated young Music Hall. "Time's up," cried the hoarse costery voice, and they advanced, stepped round, and recommenced the exhibition, sparring

till time was cried again, the chair-taking and flicking operation repeated; and then the hoarse voice proclaimed, "Third and final round, gents!" and the boxing recommenced till the time-keeper pronounced it over. Two little lads went in next, with more zeal than skill, and less command of their temper, and then a big couple came forward, donned the gloves, shook hands, and began a sort of kindly, smiling cat's-play, though it was curious to notice the keen, quick look of their eyes as they watched each other. "See them? you'll see some sport now," breathlessly ejaculated my little Music Hall neighbour; "them 's amateurs, and they're real good 'uns." They certainly seemed better tempered, more nimble on their feet, and lighter with their blows than their predecessors.

My friend, who was sitting on the edge of the platform talking to a big fellow, told me afterwards that one of the two combatants, who looked no more than a big lad, was a married man with a family! What amused us was that outside the ring sundry of the little ones had assumed gloves, and were boxing in a wild and daring fashion, gyrating all over the place, once even getting into the ring among the heroes, and thereby becoming all four involved in a hopeless tangle, all being mixed up, striking out desperately anywhere, looking like a muddled up Manx Arms—legs kicking everywhere — white gloves hitting out nowhere! They elicited peals of laughter from the jolly audience. Rounds of oranges succeeded the rounds

of the champions, and then the singing was resumed, and at this point my friend and I left to catch the ten o'clock train.

Our impression of this entertainment was that it was a most wholesome and hearty one. The object was to keep these rough, uncouth lads out of harm's way, and the public-houses; to let them amuse themselves in their own fashion, and to let them see they *could* do so, and have perfect enjoyment, without drinking and swearing and bad company. They were a rough lot; they worked at bricklaying, costering, odd jobs, or nothing at all; but the Sisters had got them to come under the shadow of S. Alban's warm, well-lighted hall, and were doing what they could for them, humanizing them, getting them to receive what Christianity they could, albeit in homeopathic doses. The friendly, kindly Vicar and his wife and the other clergy threw themselves into it all so heartily, that one's impression was that wherever these lads in after days might go — and they are a very wandering, nomadic race—they would always carry away with them pleasant memories of Church teaching and Church people, of the gentle, white-capped Sister, and the kindly-spoken clergy, and the strong sympathetic young Churchman who presided over these amusements: and so the meetings in S. Alban's Hall will have been to many of these wandering Gentiles a true Epiphany, the Star which shall shine to guide them through the dark and forsaken roads along which most of their lives lie.

Concerning Jacks and Jills' Holidays

ONE of the most enjoyable things in the whole world, I think, is a walk on a fine day through the young spring woods, where the great resurrection of nature is stirring, and opening and forcing its way into the bright sunlight out of the depth of winter. The sap is awakening within the smooth gray boles of the beech trees, clusters of starry flowers brighten the gnarled and rugged branches of the blackthorn, delicate-hued catkins wave in bunchy tassels on every hazel-bush, the willows and sallows are studded with soft little nubbles of green-gray palm, and where the rustling, reddy-brown leaves of last autumn lie in ridges between the clumps of small bushes, the pale, sweet, fragile face of the primrose peeps from its hardly unfurled coil of green, rearing countless little fragrant heads from among the dead leaves—life forcing its way out of decay, a bright future springing out of a dead past. How the birds chirp and warble above and around! How blue the sky looks through the dainty fretwork of naked boughs; and we know that in the meadows beyond the hedge bunches of upright, stiff daffodils are ringing their yellow bells in the fresh March breeze, and little white-tailed rabbits

are scudding about on the grass. Spring has come, the resurrection of nature has begun, and "all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD."

Even the trees in the Priory back-yard do their best to look a little spring-like; the poplars shed a few faint pinky-coloured tassels on the circumscribed space on which they stand, and a little later on the decrepid old elm-tree manages to furbish up a little green bravery, which encourages the sparrows to twitter and chirp their hardest, with the hope of better days and brighter times. And for us, visions rise before us of Herne Bay, where the setting sun bathes Sheppey Island in gold and violet hues, and the waves wash in long lines of flashing light against the gray Reculver Towers, while over against the Hostel at Brighton the great white Paschal moon rises slowly over the windy ridges of the eastern downs, and a crimson haze shrouds the western hillside, where the red-tiled Sussex-fashion tower of the Annunciation points heavenwards above its surroundings of "mean streets." And these visions come before us with the spring, for it is in these two places we have elected to place the homes of rest for our Jacks and Jills.

Concerning the Jacks and Jills of the present day, this is essentially the age when Jill is most thought of. We start clubs for Jill, and country homes for Jill, and all sorts of things for Jill, and quite rightly too, for she very much needs it; but it was in company with Jack that she went up the hill to fetch that ever-memorable "pail of water,' and when they both

shared the same lamentable catastrophe, Jack needed to the full as much plastering up and attention as did Jill—more perhaps, because he fell down first, and so saved her from the brunt of the tumble.

Twenty-two years ago, being sorely perplexed how to help sundry poor Jacks, we planted our little hostelry on a bleak hill-side of the Brighton Downs —blown upon by all the winds of heaven, redolent of the sweet thymy fragrance of the turf above, and saturated with the ozone of the tumbling waters of the Channel below. To this little haven many Jacks have come down from London, to be fanned by the strong breeze, tanned by the bright sun, and fed up by the housekeeper, till they go back a very different sort of Jack from the feeble creature who climbed the hill a while ago.

It is a real joy to look back and think of the various Jacks to whom "Doctor Brighton" has been indeed a good and valued friend. There was young Willie, with a misshapen hand and wooden leg, but who was yet the mainstay of a widowed mother, and a whole family of small brothers and sisters in a close, dingy street in Hoxton. He came down a white-faced, washed-out-looking little fellow, but before the first week was over he was a perfect harmony of red and brown colouring; he could laugh with all his heart, make jokes with anybody, and when the men got up an impromptu concert now and then on a wet night he would unscrew his wooden leg and beat time with it.

One poor fellow, long since gone to his rest, wrote

to us, after his last visit, "You have done for me as much as the Almighty Himself could, and as I am lying here I so often think of the little Home at Brighton, and fancy I am sitting on the beach by the sea!"

There were two young shoemakers from the Hackney Road, run-down with working in a close, stifling factory, who both looked poor creatures when they arrived—Harry, a sort of light green æsthetic colour, with purple tinges round his nose and lips; and Bill, by nature built for a big stout fellow, but looking like a clothes-prop with a few garments on. The ups and downs of the Brighton streets around alarmed them, and Bill was reported to have ascended Richmond Street on all fours, but not long elapsed, however, before they began to rival David Copperfield's "Pegotty" in the matter of the sharp and surprising *bongs* with which their waistcoat buttons burst off, and it was a matter of abstruse speculation as to whether there would be one remaining by the time they returned to London. "It 's the pudding, my boy," they would say, "it 's first rate tack, the real stuff to stick to you."

There have been soldiers there from time to time. We remember specially one in the Royal Horse Artillery, a great tall fellow, who sharpened the carvers for us at dinner, as if he was going through the sword exercise.

We had a father and son from Stepney, and on a Sunday morning the old man used to say, "Hurry up now, hurry up, and we'll go to *Matholomew's* and

hear 'Smallpiece' preach!" They used to be devoted to Mr. Smallpiece when he was one of the clergy at S. Augustine's, Settle Street, before he came to S. Bartholomew's.

Then we have a special friend from the West End, a middle-aged man, who usually is known by the name of "Captain," as, though far from the days of his first youth, he always enters most heartily into all the young fellows' amusements, whether it is a trip on a steamboat, a walk along the front, or a cricket match with the Brighton postmen on the downs, on which latter occasions he will act as umpire, longstop, or in some other capacity.

As a rule our guests are a very cheery lot, and very rarely suffer from an affliction known among our Haggerston friends as "the hump." No, I don't think *that* gets possession of them, even on a pouring wet Bank Holiday, when it rains as it *can* rain up on the Brighton downs, and the wind swirls around, making the use of an umbrella quite an impossibility. There is always the piano, and generally one of the company can play—or, better still, can vamp—and there is also, as a rule, some leading spirit who, in spite of the protestations that the company either "know no song," or "only one verse of a song," or "can't sing at all," persists in his cry of "gentlemen, who'll oblige?" till at last all shyness and reserve are broken down, and everybody unites in singing all they know, or don't know, and so quite forget the splashing of the rain and howling of the wind outside.

Not often, but now and then, we seem to get rather a sad lot at a time. I recollect, one or two Augusts ago, that we were a large but rather afflicted party. Three of the number were deaf, and we had to employ manual signs to ascertain if they wanted a second helping at dinner. One Jack had poisoned his hand with a rusty pin, another had sprained his ankle at a cricket match, a third had gone out bathing one stormy morning, and been dashed by the waves against a stone groyne, and nearly flayed alive; a fourth had arrived utterly run-down from overwork in a city office, had fainted in the Annunciation one Sunday morning, and been dragged back over the hill in a very limp condition. Notwithstanding, we were all very cheery, as we counted among our numbers a panacea for most of our evils in the person of a young man from Rotherhithe, who was a member of an ambulance corps, and had a remedy for nearly every evil under the sun. He had every available species of medical appliance attached to himself, and every possible drug or lotion for internal or external use, bulging from his pockets. He was a sort of *en tout cas*, a kind of medical Whiteley in miniature, and reminded one keenly of the White Knight in *Alice through the Looking-glass*, by the multitude and variety of his remedies for use in every possible or probable emergency. He was withal a downright good fellow, and the Jacks owed a lot to him, as he gave them all the benefit of his kindly help and skill.

To most London Jacks bustle and "life" are

the very breath of their nostrils. They love the crowded beach, and it is to them a special joy to go down in the morning and see the heaps of shiny, glittering fish taken out of the boats; to lie on the beach in the broiling mid-day among all the "mobs of excursionists;" to saunter along the front or by the lawns, and feel they are a part of the throng, and can admire all the smart dresses, and pick out the notabilities who are scattered about here and there among them; and now and then to go little voyages to Worthing, and Shanklin, and Eastbourne, and sundry other places on board *The Brighton Belle*, and other pleasure boats.

But there are other Jacks to whom the quiet country-side of Brighton has more attractions. They revel in a stroll across the soft springy downs, carpeted with golden trefoil, and sulphur-hued clover, and fragrant thyme; where the lark sings high in the blue sky, and in the distant fields are great splashes of scarlet poppies, blazing in the radiant sunlight. The Hostel puts people in touch with all sorts of fascinating places, and some of our guests like to ramble to Ovingdean, where red roofs nestle amidst the elms, a peaceful picture, enclosed within the hollow of the downs, or on to Rottingdean, whose ruddy houses, orange-tinted with time and weather—now, alas, almost overpowered by the encroachments of modern buildings—line the sides of the narrow gorge which runs up from the tiny beach, and widens till it is absorbed among the undulating downs. Falmer, with its round pond,

and Preston and Patcham, whose churches are rich in quaint mediæval frescoes, are all three spots which those of our Jacks who are country-loving, like to make the object of a walk. Further afield—but this is more of a half-day's expedition than a walk—is the quaint old town of Lewes, which is well worth their seeing. Speaking of Lewes reminds me that, twenty years ago, a friend and I spent some hours there, and had tea at the Star Hotel—a place since done away with as an inn, and merged into the Town Hall when it was enlarged some years ago. On the occasion of our visit, the host, a pleasant, genial man, asked us if we would like to see his cellars, which he told us had been the chapel and crypt of some old monastery, and still retained their ancient form. We were much interested in them, and found them just as he had described, and he then pointed to an enormous gridiron, which he told us had been used to roast the Protestants, when they were burnt on the hill opposite, in Queen Mary's reign, upon which subject he enlarged greatly, rather, I fancy, to see what I would say! We believed in the gridiron implicitly, till I heard, only the other day, that it had been "evidently a *domestic* gridiron, secured by some Protestants (at Brighton, I believe), as a great treasure, in evidence of the barbarity of the Roman Church, and it now ranks as a relic among them!"

The following letter, from one of the guests who had been staying at the Hostel, will perhaps give you a better idea of the place than any words of

my own:—"When I was taking my holiday at the Hostel in September, it was the very reverse of holiday weather—and it was at its worst about the middle. One night it blew a perfect hurricane, and at breakfast-time next morning the gale showed itself as powerful as ever. The young trees opposite the Hostel told its force—two had been torn from their supports and were bowed to the ground. The few passers-by seemed to regard us inmates, comfortably housed, with envy; except the school children, who looked as though getting drenched and blown by the wind was great fun—happy children! As none of our party cared to share their fun, we adjourned to the sitting-room, clouding it with smoke—finding consolation in whist, crib, draughts, billiards, etc.

"We numbered about eighteen—the youngest sixteen years, the oldest nearly eighty. To save difficulty about names, the inmates very often addressed each other by the number of his bed; or, if his name did not seem to fit him properly, dubbed him with one more suitable. One, whose front name was Marmaduke, was altered to 'Marmalade,' but shortened anon by general consent to 'Marmy.'

"A short and very stout lad—who, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, could not sit long without going to sleep—was known as 'Fat Joe.' When awake he was always laughing, which doubtless had a tendency to increase his bulk. We had a curiosity in a man past the fifties, with a tendency for self-adornment. Most of his spare moments were spent

in front of the looking-glass. He was overburdened with rings, scarf-pins, studs, etc., to say nothing of gorgeous ties. His movements interested the younger folk, who named him the 'Diamond King.' He chummed with no one, and when abroad sat on the Pier or Parade in solitary grandeur—to give, as the lads said, 'the public a free show.'

"Another oddity was 'Dutchy,' a man with sharp eyes that always seemed to be on the alert. He was getting on nearer seventy than sixty years of age. He had been a soldier in Holland, visited nearly every European capital, and spent some time in the United States. He was in Paris when the German army was hemming the Parisians in. To use his own words: 'I did manage to cut my steek (stick) and escape to England, vere I haf been ever since.' He was otherwise very reticent about his own affairs, but very anxious to be acquainted with ours. At all games he was skilful—billiards, chess, draughts, etc. He wrote more letters than all the company put together—in fact, the writing-table was generally occupied by him when one of us needed it.

"He was at his usual occupation—'Fat Joe' seated near him, asleep as usual—when a practical joker gently detached Joe's watch from the chain and dropped it into 'Dutchy's' side pocket, then roused the 'sleeping beauty' to 'learn the right time.' When quite awake Joe's hand sought the watch-chain and, discovering his loss, laughed and said, 'It did not matter—he had tons of watches at

home.' As we all saw the chance of a bit of fun, we gave over our games, and protested that the honour of the Hostel was at stake, and strict investigation must be made. All assented except 'Dutchy,' who was absorbed in his correspondence. Some one suggested that he should do as some of the others had—produce the contents of his pockets. He was indignant, and, putting his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, out came the watch. This made him more demonstrative. We formed ourselves into a court of enquiry, but the accused was an old soldier, and able to hold his own: he said that 'if peoples put vatches in his pockets they became his property, and the next time he found one there he vould keep it. There!'

"He would not comply with the verdict of the tribunal—that he should dispense refreshments all round. We never imagined he would. As the president of our tribunal said, 'He was not built that way.'

"We had three soldiers—two from Aldershot and a veteran who had served during the Indian Mutiny Campaign. The youngest of the three was an Army Transport man—a lifelong abstainer. His weak point lay in a susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex. The girl he met in the morning was replaced by a newer conquest in the afternoon, often to give place to the newest encountered in the evening. He was very confiding, and would tell us of the hobble he got into when the favourite of yesterday met him walking with a later charmer.

As he could not go out he consoled us with a quick-change-artist performance; and with the aid of burnt cork, our coats, hats, and scullery utensils, appeared in the oddest disguises, and his face made up so comically, 'that he looked a perfect daisy'—that was 'Fat Joe's' verdict. We applauded his efforts, and some greeted his departure with sofa cushions. His companion, one of the Rifle Brigade, could hardly crawl when he came, but 'Dr. Brighton' in a day or two set him on his legs again. He was a good all-round man. He used to draw up elaborate programmes for our evening concerts—they were as pretentious as those of 'Vincent Crummles,' of *Nicholas Nickleby* fame. Our pianist could play a little (oh, so little!), and the artist, not having the music, would ask the operator to 'vamp' for him. Sometimes they started in different keys, and one or the other would give way; but it did not matter—we always managed to enjoy ourselves. Oh! the programme described these gatherings as 'Café Chantant.'

"The Indian Mutiny veteran was a fine, handsome man over sixty, with a good tenor voice and with a marvellous power of describing incidents that occurred during the Mutiny. It was not long before he became the most popular member of our company, except in 'Dutchy's' estimation, for the two used to have encounters at draughts: they might be described as international contests. We would be as excited as the players as to the result. All the sympathy was with our countryman. If 'Dutchy' could take

an advantage of his opponent he tried; but the old veteran soon detected him, and had the gift of self-control that was sadly lacking on the other side.

"The day before many of our party were leaving was the anniversary of the Relief of Lucknow, so at the 'Café Chantant' that evening we begged our hero's acceptance of a pipe and case in token of our esteem. His response was simply manly, and, as we thought, eloquent. Our pianist asked as a favour if he would tell us as far as memory served him, what occurred as he saw events on that eventful day. We sat spellbound at incidents of valour, lucky escapes, and just retribution that was dealt out to the monsters who had cruelly tortured women and helpless babes. How long we had been listening was settled by the matron informing us that it was past the usual time to adjourn."

Our guests, as I say, always seem very jolly and happy, and I have heard it remarked, "We could not be better treated, not if we was in a first-class hotel!" Our telegraph lad from the East End began to wear a doleful countenance when his week's holiday was over. "I'll tell you what," he remarked, "I'd give anything to get another week, but if I was to chance it, they'd give me the sack at the office. And I'll tell you what, too, I ain't going to take no cups and saucers, or no rubbish of that sort home to mother, but I'm going to get up jolly well early to-morrow, and go to the fish market and see what I can get." So he did, and

carried home triumphantly a big crab wrapped up in brown paper.

Very few Jacks can get their holidays in the autumn, but that is really the time to see Brighton at its best. There is a peculiar fresh crispness in the air, high up on the downs, which you can feel at no other time, the atmosphere seems clearer, and the billows and undulations of the downs are more definitely distinct in their low-toned tints of gray and purple and brown, stretching around on every side to the horizon. I think to stand there on an autumn evening and see the sunsets is a joy indeed! Are there ever such vivid rosy hues, such delicate greens, such soft saffrons, such translucent blends of opal in a summer sunset? Never. And here and there in the cup-like denes, nestling among all the sweeps of down, the small patches of beech-trees glow with gold and orange fires, as if the angels in their own month of October had touched them with their pinion tips, as they passed along the way, and set them all aflame!

November, the "month of souls," is equally full of the beauty of repose, for though the downs may wear a duller tint, far below you, to the south-west, Brighton's gray roofs are veiled in a mysterious golden haze, making it look like an enchanted city, and the sea line stretching far beyond, is pencilled with streaks and bars of wondrous dazzling light.

Westward, in the cemetery, lying in the valley towards Lewes, the grass has that peculiar blue tinge of green which autumn always gives it, and

there is a moist stillness in the air, while the yellow leaves float silently down on the graves of those brave servants of CHRIST, Frederick William Robertson, George Chapman, Reginald Fison, and Arthur Wagner, who have sanctified Brighton by their holy, suffering lives, and now rest in peace until the day of the LORD shall come.

But, as I remarked before, very few Jacks can get a holiday except when Brighton is not at its best, when it is all white and glaring with the summer heat, and crowded with excursionists and beanfeasters. Some few, chiefly postmen, who get their holidays earlier or later in the year than other people, are able to see the downs in all their April beauty, with the shadows chasing each other across the turfy stretches, and when, out Lewes and Newhaven way, the horizon is painted in shades of deepest blue and violet. When the trees in the cemetery, and in the little denes, are tinged with the purplish red of spring, and when, as the twilight closes in, and the lights in the town below glimmer like stars in the gathering gloom, suddenly the east is flushed with pale light, and the round spring moon springs up beyond the sea, and makes tracks of dazzling light along the water, looking like a pathway to heaven. The Jacks who come early can enjoy all these spring delights, and those Jacks who come late can revel in the autumn beauties. For my part I love these downs at every season of the year, and I think as much as any when, on a stormy autumn evening, masses of gray clouds are

blown wildly across the sky, through which the moon keeps struggling to assert herself and shine, making the turf one weird confusion of white gleams and strangely contorted shadows.

But houses are encroaching on the hill-side, and electric trams jingle up from the town below, discharging their shoals of passengers in all directions, thereby giving countless men and women and children the benefit of the purest, sweetest air that is to be had, still an old-fashioned person like myself, always likes to think of the downs as they were in former days, solitary stretches of springy turf, stretching from horizon to horizon, under the clear vault of heaven, and full of happy memories of walks with friends long passed away, and of solitary rambles there with dear departed old Sandy, and my present faithful companion, little Nipper!

But, come now, where are our manners? We have been devoting ourselves exclusively to Jack, and to his special locality, our dear downs at Brighton, and have not yet said one word about Jill! And living as we do in an age when Jill is most to the fore, makes it more remiss on our part to have been so utterly engrossed with Jack!

There is an exclamation we hear over and over again in the Girls' Guild and club-rooms of Haggerston of an evening, and that is, "Do let's sit down and have a rest; I'm that tired I don't know whatever to do!" And tired they must be after

their long day's work, for it *is* hard for girls and young women to have to trudge home late at night, with mud below and rain often overhead, when they have to be up and off and at work by eight the next morning! Now, it was to provide a Home of Rest to which these over-tired girls and women might go when they could scrape up a holiday, that Sister Helen, some four-and-twenty years ago planned and arranged a little Home at Herne Bay, which she called *S. Saviour's Grange*, and the evidence of her kind thought for others is still visible in every detail, and the subtle aroma of her sweetness and brightness clings to it still.

I remember going down one summer day when she was there, and what a merry party we were assembled at the dinner-table. Amongst us were a blind woman and a friend, two or three middle-aged matrons, a large proportion of chattering, merry girls, and a Haggerston mother of one of our "old boys" then recovering from a long and weary illness of many weeks, and thoroughly enjoying the rest, and the emancipation from the care of a large family of small boys. It was in early June, and the Home was not inconveniently full, as is often the case in July and August; after tea the majority of the company adjourned to the beach, and we sat and talked with the matron and helped wash up the pretty blue cups and saucers, and the summer air blew softly in through the windows from the bay, and the canary piped shrilly in his little cage over our heads.

In the cool of the evening we drove to Herne Church, and oh! what a healthy, rich Kentish landscape it was through which we passed! Right and left of us were fields of emerald corn, only just beginning to tinge with the golden hues of harvest-time, and studded with scarlet poppies and azure cornflowers; these rung the changes with tracts of pasture land, and fields of beans, whose velvety-looking black and white blossoms filled the air with delicious fragrance. Herne Church stood gray and hoary, at the end of an avenue of chestnut trees, in the midst of a luxuriant churchyard. We wandered round in the slanting evening sunlight, among the old tombstones, and found on the south side, near a gray stone wall, overhung with masses of blooming seringa, whose scented flowers were showered over the rich green grass, a small headstone, bearing this inscription:—

"Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me:
Thy smiles I count not, nor thy frowns I fear;
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.
What faults you've seen in me take care to shun,
And look at home, enough there 's to be done."

Poor soul! even in that small Kentish village the prayer must have gone up, "Keep me secretly in Thy Tabernacle from the strife of tongues."

When we left this quiet, peaceful resting-place, and turned to drive back again to Herne Bay, we saw the little town, stretching along the sparkling sea, bathed in the golden glory of the summer sunset, while on the horizon a pinky

mist shrouded the outlines of Sheppey Island. It looked like a vision of peace, and of happy, cheerful peace, for as we neared the town the lively music of the band on the pier, and the joyous sound of laughter and the chattering of many voices, were wafted to us on the breeze. No wonder the girls who go down, looking limp, white, and anæmic, something after the manner of an unstarched surplice, return hearty and merry, and as plump and rosy as peaches ripening on a southern wall.

But there is another summer resort for Jills, not by the sea, but in a pretty part of Hampshire, on the outskirts of Blackwater, in a thoroughly rural country, with here and there stretches of healthy heather and fir-trees. *S. Chad's Home at Liss* is indeed a most charming place, and I am sure the Jills who go there enjoy themselves to the uttermost. The Home itself is an old farm-house, and round one side of it runs a little veranda, overlooking a small lawn bordered by flower-beds. It is pleasant on a drowsy August afternoon to sit here with your work or a story-book, and begin gossiping and chattering with your neighbours, who are generally most of them provided with some means of occupation. The tangled sprays of vine and virginia-creeper are blowing in your face, and the hum of countless insects sounds from the garden below, mingling pleasantly with whiffs of mignonette and sweet-pea odours which ascend now and again. Gradually all these sounds and scenes become merged into one confused consciousness of rest and enjoy-

ment, your book and your work drop from your fingers, your head rests confidingly against the wall, and in a very short time you are fairly well "off," dreaming of work and work-rooms left far behind in dingy London, only to wake up at last with a sudden summons—not, as your half-awake senses prompt you to think at first, to resume labour at once—but, as slowly consciousness begins to assert itself, to realize that this summons is to go into the home and sit down to a good tea. But Jill doesn't sleep away all her afternoons in the veranda, because there are very often delightful picnic excursions made, when everybody wanders out into the country and takes their tea with them, and has a "real good time" of it.

A place that always lives in my memory as a pleasant picture is the old farm-house at Tandridge, the *Nazareth* House of Rest, designed, not for Jacks and Jills so much as for the matured and married Johns and Gillians, where, except in the very crowded times of the year, some of their Jacklets and Jillets could go also. It was situated in a lovely wooded country, upon the green sand-hills, and the road which led to it from the station was bordered by hedges which were one continuous tangle of delicious dog-roses. Orchards surrounded it, and you got peeps of the distant blue country between little gaps in the trees. The house was almost an exact facsimile of one of those in Caldecott's pictures, a regular dear old-fashioned red brick house. It faced the road, and was approached by

a wicket gate, from which a wide path led up to the door. This path was bordered on either side by beds crammed full of all sorts of old-fashioned flowers, which in the summer season were always one tumbled confusion of crimson, lilac, blue and yellow, from which at intervals a head of white phlox or the delicate petals of a sweet Madonna-lily stood out against the blaze of colour. Near the door were two goodly clumps of lauristinus-bushes, which in their season were covered with the disks of fragile, waxy-looking blossoms. I wonder if you love lauristinus as I do? It always seems to me such a kindly shrub, for it flowers when other things are scarce, and it is an evergreen, and always appears to me to be a comfortable, homely tree, that endeavours to cheer people up, and to try and make the best of everything. I always feel that it ought to show, to an extent, the commendation which Ouida, in her pretty manner, bestows upon another homely bush, when she says, "The lavender-bush shows no splendour like the roses, has no colour like the hollyhocks: it is a simple, plain gray thing that the bees love and the cottagers cherish, and that keeps the moth from the homespun linen, and that goes with the dead to their graves." The lauristinus, poor thing, has not the power to fulfil all these duties, but I feel sure that in other points it is very much akin to the lavender, and may, to a very great extent, be regarded in the same light.

The sitting-room of this house was perfectly

charming, with a great yawning, old-fashioned fireplace, and in a recess beside it a quaint little window set in the wall, in whose thickness a window that served as a seat had been cut. The only drawback was that the room was below the level of the entrance-hall, and, unless forewarned of the step, guests were liable to make their *début* by falling *in*, in rather a premature manner. There were large rambling rooms both above and below. The lower annexes, paved with red brick, and used in the farming days for various dairy purposes, under the new regime, had developed into bagatelle and smoking-rooms for the men, and the kitchen, also brick-paved, was one of the sort that one associated in one's mind with Dickens and Christmas festivities. Do you know, I think you might really have roasted an ox at the fire, or at any rate, the best part of one!

The farm-buildings at the back were not let with the house, but retained by the farmer, and from one of the dormer windows upstairs you could look right down into the farmyard, and into, what we call in Cheshire, the *shippons*, and see the gentle cows, with solemn unspeculating eye, standing knee-deep in the golden straw, slowly munching and dreaming, till some vagrant fly, alighting on their backs, made them shake their heads, twitch their red and white coats, and try to flick the intruder off with their tails. Beyond the picturesque red gables of these barns and *shippons*, the green foliage of the trees, and the peeps of distant blue, stood out in vivid contrast.

Hard by this yard was a pond, which was a great joy to a number of ducks, and a greater still to Sweep, the Nazareth dog, a black and white rough terrier, who, if he could elude the vigilance of the Sisters, would suddenly plunge headlong into the middle of the ducks, making a tremendous splash, and sending them all quacking and flying. This was a perfect bliss to him, especially as he knew it to be a strictly prohibited pastime, and one that he only ventured on when he found himself alone and in an aggressively mischievous mood; conscious that he was quite safe in the middle of the pond, he swam round and round, when he had cleared it of ducks, aware that no Sister would wade in up to her waist and carry him out forcibly!

This farm at Tandridge certainly was an ideal place for a Home of Rest. There was a large green lawn on the side of the house opposite to the pond, with plum and apple trees growing by it, and here was croquet for the fathers and younger ones, while older and more tired mothers could sit under the trees with folded hands, and the comfortable conviction that they need do *nothing* for the next week or so, and forget that there are such things as wash-tubs, or mending, and all the wear and tear and moil and toil of a hard-working woman's life.

This Home is now moved to Yalding, where a river and boating facilities have enhanced the charms in the eyes of the guests, but not of ours; we cherish the memory of the old farm-house upon the green sand-hills, and Yalding can never be the same to us.

Now, don't you think it is much better to give people who are simply run-down and over-worked, a chance of picking up and pulling themselves together before they get downright *ill*, and have to give up altogether, and then go into a Convalescent Home for some weeks? The majority of men and women appreciate things so thoroughly, and enjoy the rest and the pure air and the flowers and the general beauty of the surroundings with all their hearts.

I said that *most* visitors appreciate the beauties of the country, but there are occasionally some few who seem to have no eyes to take in anything. I believe a party of our Jacks set out from the Hostel one lovely May morning to walk to Rottingdean along the cliffs, and though the sea lay blue and sparkling to their right hand, and the downs and fields stretched, with spring flowers and light-flecked undulations, on the other, two of the party were so much engrossed in examining each other's hats, studying the makers, and comparing the respective prices, that for all they observed of the beauties around them, they might have been journeying over a barren waste.

A Haggerston man who was in the country one April, when all the woods were gay with primroses, declared he could *not* understand "why people thought such a deal of them little yaller flowers," and a woman, gone for rest into a lovely rural part of the Midlands, mourned the length of road there was before you could catch sight of a butcher's

shop, "it seemed so strange-like not to see one about!"

But Haggerston people are not the only ones whose sense of beauty remains undeveloped. Some years ago, when we were staying in a lovely cottage in Morayshire, Sister Helen and I went out on the moors one glorious August evening, and with us a young lady—and a very well-informed, clever young lady she was—who as a holiday pastime had elected to knit a pair of stockings, and so banish for a while the remembrance of her abstruse studies at the British Museum. There was a magnificent golden sunset irradiating the purple moors. Sister Helen and I were rapt in admiration, as the amber glow turned the crimson heather into brilliant orange. Mary stood with her back to the west and head bent down, knitting furiously and counting the stitches. "Oh, Mary, do look! it is so lovely, and will be gone soon!" "No, I can't stop now, I *must* turn the heel of this stocking," and the clicking and counting went on. The light began to die out of the sky, the moors to resume their purple hues, the distant mountains grew darker, and the air rather chilly. Mary turned round with a triumphant click, "I've done my heel! where's the sunset? Why, there's nothing to see!" Neither was there by that time.

I am sure we all feel terribly sorry at the various Homes of Rest when the days begin to draw in and the winds to howl outside; when "ripe October's faded marigolds" proclaim that the summer is over,

and that—as far as three of the Homes are concerned —our guests' "good times" are over also for the present year. The Brighton Hostel holds out longer, though as November draws to its close, and the last hat and coat and bag disappear down Freshfield Road, we, with rather a sad heart, turn to, and cover up the little billiard table, and pack up the beds, and prepare to hybernate till next March. But we know that, stored away inside many waistcoats which daily rub against desks in gloomy city offices, or stand the wear and tear of an artisan's workshop, or a city warehouse, there are bright memories of happy days on the beach at Brighton, or of real downright hearty fun round the Hostel table at meal times. And I am sure the Nazareth fathers and mothers often talk over their winter fire of the shady green garden, and brimming river they enjoyed so much at Yalding. As for the Jills, whose merry laughter echoed in the sunny Grange at Herne Bay, and the peaceful veranda in the cottage at Liss, their workshops and evening recreation-rooms are full of the chatter of joyous reminiscences of all they did in their summer holidays.

Of both the Jacks and Jills we may confidently say, though "one swallow does not make a summer," yet one happy week may brighten a whole year of labour.

Holy Innocents' Day, 1890

COLD, cold, bitter cold. The street outside was a mass of trampled snow and mud, into which the feet of the many passers-by had trodden the refuse from the costermongers' barrows into a hard mass. Carts of steaming coke from the gas factory were being dragged by trembling knock-kneed horses, slipping and toiling along with haloes of breath round their poor old noses, and kind-hearted, black-begrimed coke-venders lent their sturdy shoulders to the wheel with many a cheery chirrup to the poor under-fed, over-worked beast which was doing his best, after the generous manner of horses, and throwing his whole poor heart into his master's work. The butchers were halloaing their meat in Goldsmith's Row, and poor souls, with pinched faces and ragged feet, were crowding round to buy the odd pieces which were sold cheap, and known in the neighbourhood as "block ornaments." Down at the Hackney Road end of the row a group of wan, weary women, for whom the world had no need and no room, were gathered round the Sisters' Shelter fire, with thin blue hands spread on their thinly-clad knees, to try and catch a little warmth from the glow. On the other side the street, lights gleamed

from the North-Eastern Children's Hospital, where hundreds of tiny sick ones were comfortably housed in snug cots, and tended by kind and loving nurses.

It was Christmas Eve. To-morrow, eighteen hundred and ninety years ago, a little Child was born into the world to be the Saviour of all—a little Child Who stretched out His hands from the manger to "draw all men unto Him." From the Men's Club at the corner rounds of music and revelry sounded. "He" was coming "to His own, and His own received Him not." But in a tiny dingy upstairs room, up a narrow, broken staircase, was one who received Him, and who was to be received by Him.

Polly was sitting alone with her baby on her lap. Downstairs they were keeping Christmas: her husband and his brothers—young shoemakers—were doing their best to make merry. It was not want of heart, for Tom loved his baby, but he could not bear to see it waste and suffer, and so he went downstairs to the landlady's, and tried to drown the thoughts of its pain. The woman who kept the little chandler's shop at the corner was very good and came in to her as much as she could, and her mother came in and stopped with her, but they had their own families to see to, and it was Christmas Eve and they were obliged to be about their own business. And Polly was alone, with her pretty, flushed young face—flushed with anxiety and want of sleep, and her earnest gray eyes watching every restless movement of the little one who

lay upon her lap gasping, and every now and then crying with pain. The Sisters had sent her Christmas present by "her dear visiting lady" that afternoon—a little knitted jacket, which she had put on baby, and a small blanket which she had wrapped around him, and something to get the coals which now burnt in her grate, for she must keep a fire night and day for him, the doctor said.

Poor Polly! she was young in years but old in trouble. She had always been delicate, when as a child she went to S. Augustine's Sunday School, and then as a girl, to the Bible Class at the Lodge, and she had been sent to Eastbourne and she dated her recovery from that day, when, as her mother said, she came bounding, "with a colour like a rose," to meet her on her return at London Bridge station. Then she met Tom, a good young fellow, but after baby was born there was a row one night in the street, and Tom went out to see what was going on, and the policemen got hold of him, and declared he was in it, and though all the neighbours spoke for him, he got a month's imprisonment. And that was a worry. Baby had always been ailing and delicate, but thanks to the "country money" sent to the Sisters, Polly had been able to go to some relations at Bristol with baby, and both mother and child grew strong and hearty in the country air. Polly liked Bristol, and had been there before. There was a young doctor who had been so good to her grandmother, when Polly lived with her there as a little child, and she

had never forgotten his kind face and words, and how he helped her and grandmother. He died, and was buried down there; by his friends he was always looked upon as a reckless ne'er-do-well, but Polly and her grandmother always spoke of him as "that kind gentleman," and when she went down this last summer, she went to look for his grave. Is it not written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me?"

How proud Polly had been when she had brought baby round to the Lodge and exhibited him to the young mothers there in the autumn, and said she thought Bristol had set him right up!

And now Christmas was come, and he was lying a little wailing wizened mite across her knee, his tiny face contracted with pain, his tiny hands working ceaselessly and restlessly, and his blue eyes moving from side to side in speechless agony.

On Sunday, Holy Innocents' Day, eight hundred of S. Augustine's school children crowded round to the Priory to see the Crêche, and the Babe lying in the manger, but the Babe Who had lain in the manger on the Christmas Day of yore had drawn Polly's little one up from earth to heaven on this Feast of Holy Innocents.

Polly came round in the evening heart-broken. "He's gone, poor little dear! At half-past two this afternoon he smiled that sweet, and then he died. I had kep' him on my arm all night; he was never off my arm of nights, and oh dear, Sister! I was that tired, I had been awake so many nights, that I

went to sleep for two hours, and with him on my arm! Think of me going to sleep for two whole hours, and him so near death! In the morning mother came in to me, and Mrs. Evans, and we went down on our hands and knees and prayed the LORD to spare him; but it wasn't no use. I kep' him wrapped in the blanket you give me, and he had on the little jacket you sent, and he died in it, pretty dear. When I come to think of all his pretty ways, and how well he was when I come back from Bristol, I can hardly believe it! Tom, he feels dreadful upset about it. But oh! they've all been so kind, all the neighbours, and Lizzie, as married Tom's brother, and often has had words with me, she was quite different after baby was took bad, and has been that kind and nice!"

And so this little snowdrop, gathered by the hand of the Holy Babe, the Prince of Peace, on the Feast of the Innocents, made peace, where strife had reigned, between the two sisters-in-law.

Going Home:

A Story of S. Saviour's Hostel

HE had come—over-tired and run down with city work—for a little rest and change. "We shall miss you sadly in the Lads' Club and at the Guild meeting, but it will be only a week, and you'll come back as right as a trivet, Dick!" said his friends and fellow-workers at S. Mary's, Haggerston. "We'll manage at the school for *one* Sunday, and you'll be home Sunday week," said the Superintendent.

And Sunday week had come, and Dickie was lying in a darkened room, drawing every breath with a sobbing gasp, while his parents watched, speechless and tearful, beside his bed.

He had come to the Hostel and revelled in the bracing breezes, and drank in the sweet air wafted across the sunny sea, but from being run down, he had overheated himself, and caught a chill—only on Friday—and the doctor had bidden his friends be telegraphed for. Two of his fellow-workers at S. Mary's had come down for the day, and he clung to them with parched, feverish hands. "Oh! I want to go home! I want to go home to-night!" he cried.

On the western side of the hill, where the Church

of the Annunciation lies buried among the labyrinth of poor and dusty streets, the doors were flung wide open to the passers-by, and the hymn—

> "Are you coming home to-night,
> Are you coming home to-night,
> Are you coming home to JESUS,
> Out of darkness into light?"

went up from the earnest lips of the congregation of poor workingmen and women gathered within its walls—the sweet sounds reaching even to the level down below, where the crowd of pleasure-seekers are carelessly idling along, laughing, talking, swearing, scoffing.

Here, on the eastern hill-side, this poor soul was struggling home to JESUS by a pathway his young feet had never trod heretofore, fighting its way to that Home within the eternal gates, that Home of peace and rest. Far to the west the setting sun flooded the purple downs above Lewes in a golden glory, and shone in lines of light upon the quiet sea. In the chamber of the dying lad all was still. The men prayed silently, while salt tears trickled down their covered faces. Little bars and spikes of amber light found their way beside and under the dark green blind, and flitted into the room. The perfume of the sweet-peas and rosemary in the garden below floated up through the open window, and the rooks cawed vespers together in the trees in the Queen's Park beyond. Slowly the splendour died out of the western sky, and only a crimson bar lay along the purple horizon,

while the stars began to shine in the gray-green vault above, and the day died out and deepened into night. The watchers, save the parents, had to go; they were business men, and must be in London in the morning. But one, the best-beloved friend of all, was not there; he was in a distant town, too far off to arrive yet, and they listened anxiously for signals of his approach.

But as the fingers of the clock drew near to half-past ten, a noiseless Shadow entered the Hostel unannounced. His step had never yet been heard upon those stairs, and now they swiftly passed, and stood upon the threshold of the chamber. There stood One among us whom we knew not, whose sweet voice said, "The Master hath need of thee!" and led him gently from us to that Land beyond the sea, to stand in the Presence of the LORD of the harvest. And his parents remained weeping over the lifeless body.

Half an hour after, the Rev. F. Goodban, from S. Mary's, Haggerston, who had been tied by his duties at the church all the Sunday, arrived, and his prayers and help comforted the mourners.

And, later still, he, whose heart had been with him ever since the telegram told him of the approaching end, he whose arms yearned to have been around him, he who had been friend and counsellor to him since he was a little boy in the Sunday School, arrived. I wonder, as he climbed the steep hill from the sea in the sultry evening, if he perchance (although his eyes were holden, that

he saw not) had met the Glorious One, bearing his precious burden of the redeemed soul in his arms? Too late, too late! His next sight of Dickie's face will be on the Judgment Day; his next meeting with Dickie will be before the Throne of GOD!

The Hostel was crowded with inmates; but during his brief illness, and until the day of the funeral, you could not have known there was a man in the house; they were so quiet and considerate and helpful in all matters where they could be of use.

Could we have laid him to rest in a more lovely spot than we did, that glorious harvest day? The grave was in the cemetery on the slope of a green hill, high above the noisy restless town, which lay below swathed in the summer haze; above again, stretched range after range of swelling downs, patched here and there with dusky gorse bushes, sweet with wild thyme below, and above, the clear carols of the larks which trilled joyously as they soared into infinite space! How often in other years of holiday had his feet traversed that springy turf, as he bounded along in full enjoyment of all around him! How little he and we thought his last sleeping-place would be under the shadow of those wind-swept downs! Right away on the eastern horizon stretched the calm sea, of an intense blueness, as blue as that sky above, stretching from pole to pole without a single cloud.

The chalk grave of a dazzling whiteness, the group of dark mourners, and the two gray-robed

Sisters, the Priests in their white surplices made an effect of low toned colour, relieved by the bit of brilliant scarlet of one of the 16th Lancers, which flashed from out the knot of Hostel men. As the white earth received him, and the snowy wreaths and crosses covered the coffin, we felt as if it had been meant he should go "white to his grave." On the sun-steeped downs above stood our dear little Sandy, watching, under the guardianship of a friend; the wind ruffling his long creamy hair, which the sun touched up with glittering brightness, in strong relief against the gorse bushes behind. We felt glad he should be there, as he had been with us in all our joys and sorrows.

The Haggerston Priest gave a most touching address at the grave, and he wrote concerning it afterwards:—

"I shall never forget the beautiful oratory at the Hostel and our little services there. And as for the service at the grave on the glorious downs, with the sun shining brightly overhead, and the country around like a very Paradise itself—I have never known anything so impressive! As we look back upon it all, it seems so strange — yet so beautiful. Our dear lad came for rest and change —he entered *the* rest, and a change took place for the better. He came for a holiday, and gained the eternal holy-day!"

As for ourselves, we feel that grave on the hill-side will bind together more closely than ever, in truest Christian sympathy, S. Saviour's Hostel and

S. Mary's, Haggerston. As we walk over the thymy downs in the glowing sunset, the sight of that grave lying in the purple shadows below will carry our thoughts back to the home of Haggerston, where S. Mary's tower points heavenwards against the pale green evening sky, and of him who

> "as erst set free
> From the drear town now rests beside the sea."

And his own folk and friends, as they kneel before their altar in the early mornings, with the sun-rays streaming through the eastern window, and pray "We also bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear," will, we are sure, turn in thought to that green hill, near S. Saviour's Hostel, within whose bosom they have sown that seed in weakness, which in the Great Harvest Day shall be raised in power.

A few Old Letters

THE reading of old letters always brings to my mind those touching words of Whyte Melville: "The hand that penned that letter has been cold for years; so will yours and mine be some day, perhaps ere the flowers are out again!"

How I wish, with all my heart, I had saved the many scrawls I have received, written on square sheets of paper, with the printed heading of *H.M. Prison* on each, and all sorts of mystic initials and signatures of governors and officials! Sad letters they have been, full of sorrow, remorse, promises of amendment, and hopes for the future, from each poor fellow who wrote them!—letters that made one feel sad, and sorry, and sick at heart—and yet, with a strong vein of hope underlying all one's sorrow! Such as they were, a jumbled mixture of grief and hope, I am sorry to say I have kept none of them. But, searching in a drawer the other day for some papers, I came across this bundle of letters, which brought old times and old friends most vividly to my memory. I had a fellow bundle, a good-sized packet, containing many of Dr. Neale's, Mr. Gutch's, and more of Father Mackonochie's letters, which I kept in a box—rather a nice box it

was—given me by an old boy in Canada, but one luckless day, while I was in America, a certain light-fingered friend of mine got into the room, captured the box and walked off with it, expecting, no doubt, from its outward appearance, to find it contained treasures, and great must have been his disappointment when he found it contained simply those letters and a few other things, which, while they were utterly useless to him, to me were priceless beyond measure.

The first few letters are from my brother, who, on his Ordination as Deacon in December, 1864, served at S. Alban's, Holborn, a few months, till his health completely broke down more than a year before his death. I lay them before you, as they give an idea of the Church feeling among earnest young men of those early days of the Catholic revival. The first letter was written to our mother, when as a boy of seventeen, Dr. Neale invited him to stay at Sackville College that he might be present at my reception as a Novice.

"*Sept. 25, 1858.*

"I started off to East Grinstead the day before yesterday, arriving there at seven o'clock, and Mr. Neale and his daughter met me at the station. We did not speak above six words walking up from the railway to Sackville College; I was afraid it was my fault and that I had committed some *gaucherie* or other, but K. told me afterwards that it was always his way, that he did just the same when you went there. I was introduced to his sister,

Miss Neale, and Mrs. Neale, and at the end of half an hour Mr. Neale took me to S. Margaret's and left me alone with K. in the Superior's room, who happened then to be out visiting.

"They seem, from her account, and from what I saw myself, to do everything very nicely there. Mr. Neale wears a chasuble, and uses *wafers* in the Holy Communion. They have a Chapter every day, when the rules of the house are read out, and each Sister in turn confesses if she has broken any. I think K. really likes the place, from what she says of it, though she told me she would rather be in London; I'm sure I should not, and she would not if she really went there.

"The next morning after Prime in the college chapel I went out for a walk as I could not see K. at S. Margaret's until eleven. The country round is very pretty, and the hedges crammed full of blackberries. At eleven I went to S. Margaret's, and the service began, and I was put into the visitors' pew with a clergyman called Kirby. First they had Holy Communion, but I did not receive, and then the Admission Service. First there was a Litany with some clauses for K. especially, then Mr. Neale preached a very nice sermon out of the Book of Canticles. Then he blessed K's. cross and veil, and put them on. Then he asked her several questions, and K. told me afterwards that Mr. Neale said she made the responses very clearly. When the service was over I returned to dine at the college, and fetched K. out for a walk after. She said how

hot her Sister's dress was to walk about in! I am very glad I went to see poor K., it is a long time before she will be at home again. It is something, too, to have seen Mr. Neale and Sackville College."

"OXFORD,

"*May 23, 1864.*

"I have not seen Liddon yet about S. Alban's. Payne told me they wanted a curate at S. George's-in-the-East, so that would do at a pinch. Last night I went to Exeter College chapel, to a service they have for the college servants. It was very nice, though, of course, the singing did not come up to that of Merton. They had the Trinity Sunday hymn, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' but there were scarcely voices enough to do it well. W. N. does not strike one as a very clever fellow, but he is one who plods, and after all, it is the plodding and not the cleverness which eventually tells in the Schools, and it is only both of them combined which gets a man a First Class."

"S. ALBAN'S, HOLBORN.

"*July 4, 1864.*

"I am here till the 16th; the B.M. Preliminary Exam. comes on then. Mr. Mackonochie is very nice and good-natured indeed; I think we shall get on very well together. The rooms and everything are very comfortable—almost *too* much to please me. The food is good and wholesome and very clean and well-cooked; altogether this place is not half such

a hard living one as S. Mary's, Crown Street, or S. George's-in-the-East, but perhaps for a beginner, that is all the better. I went on Wednesday to S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho; it was their Dedication Festival, and the church was very nicely done up, a perfect arbour of flowers, especially lilies. There was luncheon at the House of Charity, but you must have seen the account in the *Church Times*. I went the other day to hear B. I. preach and was immensely struck with him, though I thought him rather coarse and vulgar at times—something of the Little Bethel style. It is very nice here having daily celebration and all done so correctly. I must say, however, that Mr. M. is by no means a very ultra man. He is cautious, and will not adopt a thing simply because it is Roman, though, at the same time, in all essentials he is most Catholic."

I have inserted the following letter, because the comments on the length of the coat, show what the idea of that day was among advanced Catholic clergy, as to how they ought to dress:—

"WHEATLEY,

"*Nov. 28th, 1864.*

"I walked into Oxford the other day on some business, and took the opportunity of going to Pike's to be measured for my first clerical suit. He makes things for Mr. Chamberlain [Vicar of S. Thomas', Oxford] and his curates, so I think I am pretty sure of having mine correct; the coat was only to come down to my knees—I suppose that will be long enough?"

"S. ALBAN'S CLERGY HOUSE,
(*No date*), "*1864*.

"I am getting quite used to London, and begin to feel as if I had lived there all my life. Now, I will describe a Baptism here as it was performed last Sunday, on Demetrius Alexandro Bogatzky, a Greek baby with an English mother. After the Litany the Priest walked down from the chancel to the font, attended by two acolytes, one carrying a stole, and another a shell and handkerchief. Then as he was standing on the step the stole was handed to him and he kissed the cross on the back of it and put it on, the violet side outwards. Then the service proceeded until they came to 'Dost thou renounce, etc,' when he changed the stole, putting the white outside. At the Baptism the server handed him the shell and after it was all over, they marched back again into the choir. Last night a labouring man, of strong feelings, was awfully shocked at the service. One of the clergy, sitting in the nave, offered him a hymn book, which he indignantly refused, saying, 'No! it's POISON!' When the service was over he was heard to mutter, 'We'll have a jolly row here soon, as there was in S. George's-in-the-East!' As I was going out of church I passed him, he evidently could not get over it, and was murmuring, 'Well, I never! This do beat me! What on earth does it all mean!' and proceeded to use language which was indecorous for a good Protestant, to say the least of it. The last thing was something about, 'Better to give threepence and go to the theatre!'

What it referred to I can't say, it might have been the offertory, but as he did not give anything, I don't quite see how it affected him. I should like to see them try on S. George's riots here, they would soon find out their mistake, for every man in the congregation would rise in arms."

The following letter was written during his last illness :—

"BRIGHTON,
"*Aug.*, *1865*.

"I like Brighton very much, or rather the Brighton sea air, for the town is too 'Londony.' My perambulations are performed in a Bath-chair, where at first I felt rather *gauche* and uncomfortable, however now it comes as a matter of course, and the chairman has taken possession of me.

"I think Brighton Protestantism is most offensive. One day Sister M. and K. were walking along, when a *man* (it wouldn't have been so bad if it had been a *woman*) stood and stared at them, and said, 'You brutes!' and if they sit on one of the benches by the sea, it is the signal for everybody else to get up and walk away!

"Went to hear the Bishop of Oxford in the Town Hall, on behalf of the Hawaian Mission. The room was very crowded, chiefly, I believe, because Queen Emma was coming; she is really very pretty, like her pictures. Old Mr. Wagner opened the proceedings, and Mr. Beanlands was on the platform among others. Mr. Wagner is an old man, quite bald. After him a native Priest, a Rev. Haopile,

addressed the meeting; he is a very fine-looking man, with moustache. The Bishop said he was a great orator in his own language, but though he pronounced English very well, yet he seemed to have a difficulty in fitting in his words to his ideas.

"Then came Lord Byron, who said he had been out there, and a chief had given him an idol, and then the Bishop spoke, so plainly one could hear every word. A résumé of his speech would not be interesting to you, but the gist of it was that the people were gradually dying out through demoralization, and that only missionaries could remedy this, and earnest women. The Romans were making great progress and we ought to do something (much applause from the Prots.) and that money was wanted. I hope they got a good collection. While prayers were said everybody sat down except young Annan [a Priest from Northampton], who stood up all by himself! I have been to S. Paul's and like it very much, only the church does not seem to have light enough."

Here is a letter from Father Mackonochie written as a greeting to Sister Helen and myself on our return from a short visit to Rouen and Dieppe. He himself was on the eve of starting on a little tour to the places he names:—

"S. Mary's Hill, Wantage,

"*Sept. 12, 1879.*

"Just a few lines to greet you on your return to-morrow. After all your travels, I daresay you will be glad to be once more in your nest.

"We have determined to go by Dover and Calais: our route is uncertain—probably Amiens and Rouen; back by Amiens and Laon to Rheims, and perhaps Chartres, and then home by Paris. I hope, if you cross to-morrow, you will have neither the wind nor rain which we are having to-day. GOD bless you, and bring you back home in 'safety, joy, and peace.'

"In Him, your affectionate F.,

"ALEX. HERIOT MACKONOCHIE."

This one is a couple of years later, beginning with acknowledgement of a little card for his birthday on August 11th:—

"TREGUIER, LA BRETAGNE,

"*Aug. 16, 1881.*

"Thank you a thousand times for your card. Although things have not come to the worst pass, still they may do so. An English Roman Priest of London, whom I met at Mont S. Michel, spoke very civilly about the respect which they entertained for us, as Martyrs according to our own convictions. I suggested that we were but humble Confessors, to which he cordially assented. You will see from the above, that I have been again to that dear place, Mont S. Michel. Jem [his nephew] had been especially desired to go there, and I was delighted to see again M. and Madame Poulard, of the Hôtel S. Michel. I am glad to say they have quite a large new building of *chambres*. We were in our old quarters, the White House. This time my *chambre* was a splendid one—one

window to the sea, another to the back, looking right along the side of the rock, down upon the little church and churchyard, and two small windows in the roof to look at the stars, but unfortunately the night was not a bright one to see them. We then returned to S. Malo, and next day went up the Rance to Dinan, and on from thence on Saturday to the parent of gingham umbrellas—Guingamp. By this time we thought we had had enough of railroads, so took to our legs yesterday. We found our knapsacks exactly right in size and weight, and walked about twenty-five miles. Now we are wishing it would not rain, as we sadly want to get on. Our feet stood this first walking experiment in a way to promise well for the future.

"Give my kindest love to the Sisters, the lads, the bandmistresses, and all my children. I was very glad before leaving to hear such a jolly account of the excursion of Lizzie's establishment. GOD bless you.

"In Him, your affectionate Father,

"ALEX. HERIOT MACKONOCHIIE.

"Assure Toby and Sandy, also V. and Rowdy, of *ma plus profonde affection*, they will understand it better perhaps in French!"

Now these letters show you so thoroughly what Father Mackonochie was, so kind and thoughtful about every one, and bearing so loving a heart under his coat of mail. It was wonderful to think that he should recollect about "the babies' outing"

of Lizzie's establishment, and how thoroughly like his dear good self to remember our two cats and dogs, and to send messages to them just because he thought it would please Sister Helen and me!

I think few people ever thoroughly realized his intense power of sympathy in every little detail which concerned others, and it was marvellous that amidst all the pressure and anxiety in which his life was lived, what keen interest he was always able to throw into everything that interested others, and how he remembered every pet animal, every favourite flower, every little minutest thing, for which he knew they cared. And I think it was wonderful how thoroughly he threw himself into the enjoyment of the few rare holidays he was able to snatch now and again from his busy, persecuted life! He entered with such zest into everything, always following the tastes and inclinations of those he was with, and never doing anything because *he* wished for it himself, but because it gave pleasure to others.

It is rather nice to think that he loved and appreciated those places in Brittany which have been such a joy to myself. All those rough boulder-strewn waters, those weird-looking gorse hedges bordering the roads, with chattering magpies flying in and out between them, those stern gray Calvaries rearing up at every *carre-four*, and in all sorts of unexpected places, and peeping out here and there from behind the hedges, from the crimson gleams of the stacks of cut *Blé noir* garnishing the fields!

And then the Rance, rushing swiftly along between its wooded banks—what rest and refreshment after the dark streets of Holborn, and the constant pressure of suits and judgments in the law courts! I know he loved Tréguier, with the exquisite slender spire of its Cathedral rearing high against the cool gray sky, and its picturesque cloisters roofed with green-gray stone, the whole place so saturated with the memory of good S. Yves, the advocate of the poor!

Among my little bundle of letters, I found this characteristic scrap from Father O'Neill, of Cowley. He had given us a Retreat in the November of 1873, and as we were very hard up for funds at the time, some one suggested his preaching for us in a West End church, as a means of getting a little money. He was asked, although neither Father Mackonochie nor ourselves thought it quite the right thing to do, and here is his answer :—

"COWLEY S. JOHN.

"I find Father Benson agrees with you and Father Mackonochie as to the advisability of my preaching for money, so I must not do it. I confess that I am a little disappointed, for I should have liked to try and get you some money, though my hopes were small. However, it is very easy for GOD to supply us with money, with or without sermons. My love and blessing to the Sisters.

"Very truly yours in JESUS,

"S. W. O'NEILL."

Here are a few lines from an old Stoke Newington friend, Helena Brett, which may be of interest to some who, like myself, knew and reverenced the first Vicar of S. Cyprian's, Dorset Square :—

"I had no idea that you were so closely connected with dear old Mr. Gutch. My earliest recollections of him, when he stayed with us for three months at Stoke Newington, are pink sweetmeats, a greenish umbrella, clearing his throat on the stairs, and discussing our childish misdemeanours to people at the table (not intentionally telling tales). But what a fine Saint he was! and a friend to the very end!"

Then there are bits in letters from old "Priory boys," who went out to the Colonies, and who, amidst their life in a new country, recall with pleasure the old days when we all met together by the fireside, and chatted about whatever was uppermost in our minds. A young fellow who had been at Gorringe's, and is now in Australia, says, "Do you ever hear from Taff? [now Archdeacon Carnon, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa] and do you often see Father Stanton? Give them my love: I so often think of the happy Sunday mornings at S. Alban's, and the happy Sunday evenings at the Priory! I am afraid the fellows here don't think much of Church. I wish there were more people like Father Stanton about, that's the kind of clergyman they want!"

An old "Priory boy" in Canada writes:—"We

have Sisters working out here now, and it is so familiar to see their dresses in church. I often wonder if they are as dear to any here, as those at home were to us boys! I hope so, for Sisters seem to stand out as milestones along the pathway of life, teaching us to pursue this worldly road, and at last to find heaven!"

The last of my selection from the bundle of letters are these few words from our ever true and faithful friend, Admiral Hamilton, who has since passed away from among us to his eternal rest. He had been unable to come to the blessing of our newly-built Priory, which was performed by the Bishop of Argyll in the October of 1888, and had asked me to write and tell him about it:—

"Thank you for sending me the account of the consecration of the new building; it must have been a thing to have seen and heard; what have I not missed by not being there! And after all your prayer and labour, what a thing for you! You had *not* told me of your going to see Mother Mary's grave [the Sister Mary of Soho]. I wish I could have seen it; your simple words so describe it, 'such a peaceful, quiet spot.' I hope it is not wrong for me to say, as a layman, and one with so many faults and shortcomings, 'May we all meet in the heavenly kingdom is my hope and longing!'

"Yours very faithfully,

"COSPATRICK BAILLIE HAMILTON."

Some Sprays of Rosemary

Do you happen to know S. Margaret's, East Grinstead? If you do not, I should recommend you to make a pilgrimage there, and enjoy a real treat from an artistic point of view. To my mind it is a perfect Vision of Peace. The ochre-tinged gray walls are wreathed with creepers, rich in white and purple blossoms, and crowned by red roofs, daintily tinted by time and weather with green and orange hues. Gables cast odd, peaked shadows over the tiles, and here and there from the tangled mass of greenery, lattice windows peep out, overlooking the smoothly-shaven greensward of the quadrangle. Glimpses of white-capped Sisters and blue-frocked girls flit along the shady cloisters, beneath whose sheltering eaves many a swallow has built her nest and reared her brood.

Peace, perfect peace, seems to rest on all around, and its influence unconsciously carries one's mind back to those old stories of mediæval convent life, which the Founder of S. Margaret's has pictured so vividly in his *Stories of the Saints*.

I can recall so well that S. Margaret's Day, in 1865, when the foundation-stone of the building was laid. We were then working at S. Mary's, Soho,

and a large party of us—Sisters, clergy, and choir—all went down to take part in the ceremony. It was a glorious July day, a sort of ideal day for the occasion. We assembled at the old S. Margaret's, close to the church in the town, and walked across the fields under the shady elms to the chosen site, on a slight decline of a hill.

First went a processional cross, carried by Mr. Lane, an old S. Margaret's friend. Then came the blue-frocked, white-capped Orphanage children, in front of whom one of the Soho choirmen carried the banner of S. Margaret; then the Novices and Sisters, together with visitor Sisters from Clewer, the Holy Cross Community, and Wymering, preceded by the banner of our Lady, borne by one of the Seddings. Next followed Mr. Barchard, for so many years Visitor of the Community, who was to lay the stone, and with him walked Mr. George Street, the architect. Then came another banner, followed by the choirs of S. Alban's, Holborn; Christ Church, Clapham; S. Mary's, Soho; S. Matthias', Stoke Newington; and S. Michael's, Brighton; while the clergy from the different churches brought up the rear, followed by the Founder, Dr. Neale, his face all aglow with joy and thankfulness, though looking wretchedly worn and ill.

How few survivors there are of that Festival Day! The Founder was taken to his rest early on the morning of the Feast of the Transfiguration in the year following, and how many of his friends and spiritual children have been called home since!

There was the Mother Ann, Miss Gream, the first Mother, who bravely bore the brunt of the trials and difficulties of the early struggling days of S. Margaret's, among which were the terrible scenes, and ensuing painful correspondence connected with the Lewes Riots on the occasion of Sister Amy's funeral. There was a special, old world dignity about her which keenly impressed every one with whom she came in contact, and underlying which was the greatest spirit of mortification and self-abnegation. I remember in the early days, a poor girl, one mass of sores, had been taken into the little old Home of S. Margaret's to be nursed, and the Mother Ann, in spite of all her pressing duties as Superior, insisted on attending to the poor child's wounds herself, saying, "I get so few opportunities of self-denial, as I cannot go out nursing into poor cottages like the other Sisters!"

There was another pioneer of S. Margaret's, Sister Ellen, one of the original three, who constituted, as it were, the "foundation-stones" upon which the Community was built up. I recall her to mind as a strong, bright, capable woman, and a splendid nurse; she must have gone through some hard experiences in the old "nursing days," alone in isolated country parishes and hamlets, struggling with cases of fever, diphtheria, and all sorts of diseases, frequently brought on by bad drainage and bad drinking-water. They must have been hard times in lonely cottages where the Sisters nursed in the fifties and the early sixties, with bad food, hardly any

nursing appliances, people very often afraid to come near the cottage, very often nothing to sleep on, and hardly time to sleep, even if a bed could have been contrived. I shall never forget a few days' experience I had, going to take the night nursing for a Sister with a case of typoid, in a miserable sort of tramps' lodging-house at Slaugham, one winter.

Then there was Sister Zillah, who once nursed Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, in an illness, and who for years bravely carried on the arduous work of the women's ward of the Newport Market Refuge, till her health broke down under the strain. The last time I ever saw her was in the guest-room at S. Margaret's. While we were talking she spied a pin on the floor, and picked it up, saying, "Ah! that's all I'm good for now! I'm a feeble old woman, only fit to potter round and pick up pins."

The Founder, and a Sister who died years ago, lie in the old churchyard, opposite the little house once occupied by the Community, but the majority of those who have passed away rest in the cemetery on a green hill-side, in a small portion allotted to S. Margaret's. Here also the late Chaplain, Father Alison, sleeps in CHRIST. Over each grave is a quilt of thickly interlaced ivy, and above each green mound—or, as Dr. Neale loved to call it, each "little hill," which shall "rejoice before the LORD"—is planted a plain cross.

Among the others who sleep in peace in this secluded corner, is one of our own Priory Community, Sister Mary. She was the first beginner of

work among the rough, wild girls of Haggerston, and her little beginning, some seven-and-twenty years ago, has developed into the present Mission of the Good Shepherd; she came to us then "a bright, strong, hearty girl," as a friend described her, and we had no idea what a short day of work hers would be. She was so keen, and enthusiastic, and hearty in all her undertakings! During her last illness she said one winter evening, "How well I remember the intense pleasure it was to me in the old days, plunging out such a night as this in the teeth of the snow and the wind, into S. Augustine's parish, or round to the girls in Reform Place." After nearly two years' weary illness in the Infirmary at the Mother House of S. Margaret's, she was called home on January 10th, 1886.

Most of us from Haggerston, with some Associates and some of the girls who had known her best, went down to the funeral. The coffin was placed in the Sisters' chapel, where the service was read, and after that the procession wound along from under the arched stone gateway up the gently sloping road, leaving S. Margaret's red roof in its setting of dun woods lying below the gray wintry sky. Wild clouds were blown fiercely across the heavens, angry leaden-coloured masses rushing athwart the copper-coloured horizon; a cutting, biting wind blew keenly across the downs as we proceeded slowly along the road, thick with yellow mud and drifts of melted snow in pools of ochre-tinted water, to the cemetery, about a mile off, lying just outside the little town on the

slope of a hill-side opposite the railway, where in a cluster together lie the Sisters' graves, each little mound swathed in masses of dark-green ivy. The brown, thorny, straggling sprays of a rose-bush trembled in the northern blast which howled up from the valley, fluttering the heavy sombre ivy-leaves, and shivering among the blades of yellow withered grass, as the sweet solemn words of comfort and hope of resurrection were read, and the body of our sister was lowered into the grave. All the mourners from London had brought wreaths and sprays of spotless white flowers—many of them sent by those who were unable themselves to come, but had put together their few pence to send this little tribute of their love and affection to the Sister who had ministered among them; and looking down into the dark grave, it seemed one mass of delicious snowy fragrance.

An hour later, as the London train rolled away from the platform, carrying us back to our daily work, the dark and lurid clouds rolled off, and the glories of a winter's golden sunset flooded the landscape, lighting up the old red roofs of the town above, and suffusing with soft amber light the hill-side cemetery, the dark oblong patches of ivied graves, and that newly-covered grave where she lay who was never in this world to return to us and share our labours and joys and sorrows.

Of late years S. Margaret's has possessed a little cemetery of its own, lying within the Convent grounds. Our late Mother is buried there, and in

the December of 1903, the body of her faithful friend and Assistant-Superior, Sister Lucy, was laid to rest beside her.

She was a most sweet and lovable person, and I think it was a joy to all when the Mother chose her to act as Assistant-Superior, in which capacity she fulfilled her duties with the grace of a truly Christian woman, and with the love of a real religious. There must be hundreds of guests who have stayed at S. Margaret's during the many years of her Assistant-Superiorship, who have, while there, come under her gentle influence, and been directed by her kindly sway, and who must have returned from the visit each a better and holier woman in consequence. No detail was too insignificant to arouse her interest and yet, while continually occupying herself with all the petty cares and duties that lay around her, she took a most active part in all the Church work and matters that were going on outside. As she said, "Our danger is lest we should live entirely in a little world of our own, inside the Convent walls, and forget that we are only a part of GOD'S great world outside."

The guests, in all their little mundane troubles and family cares and anxieties, felt they could go to her for encouragement and sympathy, and the girls of the schools did not shrink from telling her of all their little girlish joys and sorrows; they all felt this was no "cold religious," but a warm-hearted, sympathetic, loving woman.

She had been suffering for some time before the

late Mother died, but had bravely kept her suffering to herself, fearing, in the Mother's feeble state of health, that the knowledge of her illness would add to her anxieties, and so she went bravely on with her daily round of work as if nothing special was the matter. But after our dear Mother's death, and the reason for the effort to bear up was over, she acknowledged the state of her health, and allowed herself to be treated as an invalid. For eighteen months she lingered on, always bright and patient, always taking the same interest in everything, enjoying talking over events and circumstances, remembering everybody, and liking to hear about everybody and everything, until on the evening of S. Andrew's Day, two years ago, she passed peacefully to her rest.

It was a gusty stormy afternoon in which we followed our Sister's remains to her last resting-place in the little cemetery. Gusts of wind blew fitfully through the bare desolate branches, rustled among the damp tawny heaps of leaves lying thick on the roots of those trees they had decked so bravely in the pomp of Midsummer, and stirred fitfully the spiky foliage of the blue-hued pines opposite. Now and again the plaintive song of a robin was borne upon the breeze, and once two birds fluttered out of the pine thicket right among the Sisters and perched on the bushes near the great CHRIST, Who, with outstretched arms, was hanging on the gable-covered cross, high above the whole scene.

In woody Sussex, nature is always beautiful, I think, and more especially so in the neighbourhood of S. Margaret's. One is apt to wonder at times at what season it is *most* lovely, and now and then one is tempted to give the palm to May and June, when the meadows are one sheet of pinky grass tops and starry flowers, and the trees a shimmering mass of emerald green, but I have come to the conclusion that an autumn afternoon, such as the one on which we laid Sister Lucy to rest, has about it a sort of unearthly beauty, far transcending the glories of any summer day. The trees and bushes, all bereft of their verdure, only reveal the full beauty of the graceful boughs and branches; here black straight-armed beeches standing erect above the thick carpet of their scarlet-orange leaves; there gnarled twisted brown-green branches of oaks, standing knee-deep in waving billows of golden bracken; beyond all which lie mysterious shadows of purple and brown, and the atmosphere all around is of the purest gray, and when the time comes for early sunset, the hazy saffron of the western sky, fading into soft green and rose and opal, shows hues of loveliness unequalled by any summer sunset. As in us, there are "diversities of gifts," so in nature there are "diversities" of beauty, which, like the "gifts" of mankind, are all the same "Spirit" of GOD'S loving handiwork.

A Memory of Sister Helen, June 8, 1897

"Oh, how near
We tread the confines of the spirit world!
How thin the veil that hides it! Who but feels
Sometime in night's dim silence and dead noon,
Conscious that those we deem so far are near,
The lost are present? Who that has not heard
Of strange mysterious warnings, or perchance
The work of Guardian Angel, or belike
Of friend who, having loved us, loves us still,
And who, now free, would guard us, captives yet."

DR. NEALE.

MISS THACKERAY, in one of her books, says, "Some lives have in them a quality which may perhaps be compared to that secret of which the early Venetians knew the mystery—some secret of light, some sweet, transparent gift of colouring, a hidden treasure of hope shining through after-shadow." And no words can more fitly express what our dear Sister Helen was. Thirty-eight years ago she came to us, full of brightness, and life, and energy. She came to us in a time of great trouble, when even Father Mackonochie's indomitable courage seemed almost to fail him in the face of such great difficulties as presented themselves. But Sister Helen—loyal, brave and true—threw herself heart and soul into the forlorn

hope, and undertook what was our greatest difficulty, the Girls' Guild of S. Michael. We remember so well the sensation of relief and safety, when, after their first interview, the girls' unanimous verdict was, "Ah, yes, she'll do; she's one of the right sort." And she *was* one of the right sort. All through those first years of privations, of trouble, of friendlessness, her brightness and hopefulness cheered the small Community, and kept those Guild girls together, and under her vigorous, loving guidance, the Guild grew and flourished. She made herself so entirely one with them, she was so full of sympathy, and they felt how truly she shared in every little joy, and felt for every little trouble of theirs. We remember her so well at excursions, here, there, and everywhere: keeping watch over the little ones, joining most heartily in all the older ones' schemes for a walk to go and see this or that object of interest; never sparing herself, never thinking of herself, though perhaps she came back so exhausted and over-tired that she suffered nights of sleepless pain afterwards. She always said she liked to take a part in all the girls did, so that when they talked it over in the Guild-room they could speak of their having "done things all together." And the same about any book a girl wanted her to read: however tired she might be, or however restful it might be to her to do anything else, she would finish it right through. "Polly wants me to read it, then we can talk it over afterwards." Her sympathy and interest in

everything were simply wonderful. Nothing seemed complete until it had been told Sister Helen; and this applied to all with whom she had to do, and not Guild girls only, for her judgment was always so keen and so clear, her discernment of character so true that one could not help relying on her. Her courage was undaunted, her presence of mind and promptitude of action wonderful. She always saw the right line to take, the wise thing to do at once, without wavering or hesitation. Her standard of right was so high, so unswerving, that she seemed insensibly to draw you up to a higher level, to make you feel you must do your very best, and nothing short of it. She was so very human, and yet so very superhuman. In her character the qualities of deepest sympathy and the keenest sense of humour were so closely interwoven. She always saw the humourous side of everything, the point of every little joke, the funny little bits of life. Though always more or less in pain, to which was added the misery of insomnia, when her girls, or any one, came to her for a talk, she roused up, invariably bright, prompt, brimming over with sympathy; in real sorrow or trouble making you look to the very Highest Source for help and comfort; in the little rubs and vexations of life, always seeing the humour which lay behind the trouble, and sending you away determined to treat the thing as a joke to be laughed at, and not a grievance to be worried over. However ill, however suffering, however troubled she might be herself, every selfish feeling was put aside, and

she was at your service, ready to listen, to sorrow, or to rejoice with you, as the need might be.

She loved her Girls' Guild, and spared no pains to do everything in her power for every member of it. The moulding of an association whose special aim is purity, and special object to lead a devout life in overcrowded, careless, and in some cases, bad homes, and to carry out the life in scoffing, irreligious workshops was no light work. It wanted much sympathy and strong support to make a girl brave enough to stand up for what was right in the jeering atmosphere of a workroom, and get up early on a Sunday after a hard week's work, when father and mother and the others were having their one late morning in bed, and go out in the darkness to the early service in church; but Sister Helen's sympathy and encouragement and teaching helped members of the Guild to do all this. She had a wonderful personal love for each individual girl. Like all other workers in the Master's cause, bitter disappointments often ensued, and after earnest care and heartfelt pleading, the same work had to be begun afresh and gone through over and over again, and perhaps but to end with the same result—so far, at least, as we could judge.

But of these disappointments she spoke little, although she felt them *most* keenly.

There were no Jubilee Nurses in those old days —it is wonderful now to think how ever Haggerston managed to get on without them! Before they came the Sisters had to undertake a good

deal of the nursing round about, and a large lot fell to Sister Helen's share, and a splendid nurse she was!—so bright, so cheery, so full of tact, her very presence seemed to bring a spirit of strength and healing with it.

She was a most charming companion for holidays, for how thoroughly and heartily she enjoyed them! She entered into all the fun of every little incident; she appreciated every bit of beauty in the scenery, every tree and plant and flower she came across, every bird and animal she met. To her, indeed,

> "Earth was crammed with heaven,
> And every living bush afire of God."

The last two summers of her life she spent almost entirely at the house she had herself founded, the Girls' Home of Rest, S. Saviour's Grange, Herne Bay, and the last year, though weak and feeble, she was bright and happy among her flowers in her dearly-loved little garden, and always attended by her special companion, a magnificent tabby cat, called Dick, who, originally belonging to S. Saviour's Hostel, Brighton, had taken such a fancy to Sister Helen, and she to him, that he was transferred from the Hostel to the Grange.

These last two summers she was too feeble to take long holidays, but was able each July to spend a week in Canterbury, a place of which she was very fond. She loved the old Cathedral, and liked to walk slowly round the precincts, or sit in the

shady cloisters, or to drive through the beautiful country to Harbledown or Patrixbourne. Driving was always a great pleasure to her. The last drive she and I ever had together was a few weeks before her death, one bright May afternoon. The larks were carolling over the fields which stretched to the blue sea. May flowers decked the hedges, and pink-blossomed hoary apple-trees and fragrant lilac-bushes clustered round the little red-roofed homesteads scattered over the green reaches of land. The Blean woods were softly-rounded masses of delicate spring tints, yellowish, bronzed and luscious emerald greens. In the woods the ground was a tangled confusion of lovely bluebells, and golden rays of sunlight shining through the greenery drew out their delicious fragrance. She stopped the carriage that she might smell them, and was delighted to hear the cuckoo among the trees. All was bright and smiling and genial: earth was clothed in its most heavenly aspect. Looking back upon that afternoon, one cannot but feel that

> "If God has made this world so fair,
> Where sin and death abound,
> How beautiful beyond compare,
> Must Paradise be found!"

Her last illness was very short. She was unconscious for several days, and then the end came, gently—so gently as to be hardly perceptible, like the last notes of an organ dying away softly in the distance.

It was in the Home of her own creation,

S. Saviour's Grange, Herne Bay, on the Tuesday in Whitsun-week, that she passed

> "Beyond the shadowy twilight of this world,
> Into the glory of the perfect Day."

The garden which she had so dearly loved, lay basking in the warmth of the June sun, every flower opening its heart in GOD'S Presence, to drink in the gracious warmth and light, but she, the mistress of the garden, lay sleeping in the darkened room above, and the eyes, always so full of love and kindness, looking around to minister to the needs of others, were closed for ever to this world.

Dick—dear, faithful Dick—never left his mistress, and when the last rites were performed, and the tired hands folded peacefully over the silent heart, Dick sat on the foot of the bed, watching through the gathering twilight with large, solemn, loving eyes.

We laid her to rest in Herne Cemetery, under the shadow of the great elms. At the foot of the grave is a fir-tree, perpetually green summer and winter, true type of the evergreen of loving remembrance in the hearts of us who knew her. The funeral was on a lovely June day; you could see far away the blue sea-line stretching along the horizon, broken by the gray Reculver towers to the east, and the Island of Sheppey was faintly shadowed in soft violet hues against the western sky. A gentle breeze from the sea murmured among the leafy branches, and softly stirred the long pink-tinted hay grass in the

meadows, and the rose and honeysuckle-swathed hedges; the larks sang high in the cloudless heavens, and over all was spread the golden haze of the fair summer afternoon.

In the Whitsuntide peace we left her "till the restitution of all things." "Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

"All is ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

All we who loved her can truly say, "There can never be another Sister Helen!"

We left her sleeping in peace, but we bore away in our hearts the memories of countless little kindnesses, selfishly unnoticed by ourselves at the time; of countless words of help and encouragement in past seasons of trouble; of countless sympathies when she rejoiced with us in our joys; of a strength on which we could lean, of a love in which we could confide, of a judgment in which we could rest.

"Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes,
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories,
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be."

A Sketch of Three Friends, 1885

AN old-fashioned house, set in an old-fashioned garden, in one of the Midland counties, not a hundred miles from London. A wall of rough gray stones, stained orange with the vein of iron ore which permeates all the stone of the county, encircles the demesne, and over the wall a pear-tree rears its head, which in the spring is smothered in snowy white, and now looks proudly down on the gnarled gray trunks and pink bedizened heads of the humble congregation of apple-trees which cluster round it. Tall, weird pines wave their gaunt heads and clash their desolate arms together over the low green gates which open from the village street, and masses of dark-green ivy loop and festoon over that portion of the wall which separates the garden from the adjacent church-yard. But it is a summer day when I want you to look in upon it. The glories of the pear-tree are over, and the tangled old-fashioned garden is brilliant with the long feathery blossoms of the Portugal laurel, while golden rod, columbines, Jacob's ladder, scrambling scarlet cistus, crimson

single pinks, deep blue iris, and a whole host of old-fashioned flowers, mingled with bunches of striped *wishing* grass, are displaying their wealth, and the blooming seringa-bushes fill the air with an overpoweringly delicious odour. The porch of the old house is swathed in jasmine, which, a few weeks later, will be one bower of starry fragrance, and in that porch, safe from the noonday sun, snapping at flies half drowsily, and then as suddenly being stirred into outer-consciousness, and pricking their ears at some noise in the village street, are three dogs. One, a handsome silky-haired white fellow, half Pomeranian, half collie, is a Scotsman, and rejoices in the name of Rex. He was bred and reared in the good city of Edinburgh, and his early days were passed in the garden of an old-fashioned house inhabited by some Sisters, who worked in the poorest part of that city. An old haunted house it was, under the windows of which a *warlock* was reported to have been burnt, "auld lang syne;" and on dark wintry, stormy nights, his cries and yells are said to be distinctly audible above the shrieks of the wind. Whether that early association had anything to do in forming Rex's character, I know not, but he is a queer, nervous, highly-strung dog —some of his friends say, with a bee in his bonnet —but he is a dog who has his own ideas on subjects, and is not one to make many friends, but to be, like Douglas of yore, loyal and true to the few he selects. It was a sad day for poor

young Rex when his mistress presented him to a Southerner, and he was taken from the arms of Jessie, the braw Scottish lassie, who gave him his *parritch*, and to whom he had deeply attached himself. He tried London life first, but had a knack of going into people's front doors, out into the back, leaping over a succession of back premises, and so obtaining egress into some other street far away; he next had an experience of life in Hampshire, but a strong conviction in his own mind that hunting sundry flocks of sheep was included in his daily duties, cut short his career there, and he at last found himself the property of the daughter of the old squire who lived in the old house in the shires, and a very happy home he finds it. He is pricking his handsome white ears, and lolling out his long pink tongue, when he is suddenly and violently embraced by another personage to whom I must introduce you, and who is such a contrast to this highly-refined, well-bred, silky-clad dog, you might well call them Beauty and the Beast. Dear old Toby—faithful old Toby; I am not wronging one of the best and most faithful friends mortal ever had, when I describe the ungainly exterior which covered the most affectionate and truest heart that could ever be. My dear, how can I describe you otherwise than all legs, great red paws, garnished with strong, opal-coloured claws; a face as red as that of "Tennessee's partner," described by Bret Harte, out of which look a pair of honest, clear brown

eyes; a rough, short-haired black coat, and a short straight tail which is always on the wag—and there you are. What breed are you? I cannot tell. We always felt a difficulty in saying *what* you were, till one day some one asked if you were not an Irish terrier, and we immediately caught at it as a forlorn hope, and denominated you such on the spot. Where did you come from? I cannot say. Your puppy barks and yaps sounded nightly round the house some seven or eight months anterior to the date of which I am writing, and you were seen running round the stable yard in the moonlight, picking up stray scraps and bones left by the other dogs. The villagers said you had been thrown off a boat as it passed along the Bridgewater Canal on its way south; anyhow, you appeared on the scene from *somewhere*, hungry, and homeless, and friendless, and the squire's daughter took you in, and gave you housing in the stable, and here you are, trying to invite Rex to a good romp by flinging your ruddy arms round his white neck, and gnawing a piece of his silky ear. Yap, yap, yap! Was ever noise so shrill? Who is on the scene now? Why, there is the third dog assailing the stately Rex on his off side, and careering round him with the most falsetto of yaps. Paint him, shall I? Imagine, then, a polar bear on a miniature scale, or a woollen lamb out of a penny Noah's ark, covered over with tangled, fluffy, whitey hair, not smooth and silken like his regal majesty, nor scrubby and short like old To.'s,

but long and tangled, and ruffled about, surmounted by a round, impudent, saucy-looking *gamin* of a face, and a snub black nose. Rex is all nerves, highly-strung nerves, but no coward; Toby has no nerves at all, neither has he any courage, but who knows what early terrors he may have passed through on board the rough canal boat?—but as for Stumpy, nerves he has none, conscience he has none. He is the property of the squire's grandson at Oxford, but, do what his master tells him?—not he, unless he chooses. His master may flog him for disobedience if he will, he lies there and growls while he is being beaten, and when it is over, gets up and does the same thing over again. And yet he is such a little dear, and has such pretty little coaxing ways, and looks so guileless and innocent, it is difficult to realize the utter hardness of the little heart which beats beneath so sweet an exterior.

And these are the three friends whose days glide by so happily in the old house in the shires. But before the rooks have built their nests the following spring in the great elm on the lawn, or the early violets have begun to blossom under the south wall, the old squire is sleeping beneath the green sod of the churchyard hard by the shade of the square church tower, and the home has passed into other hands. The squire's daughter is a Sister of Mercy in a far-off land; and where are the dogs? Rex has found a happy home with one of the squire's married daughters, and has

travelled forth again and seen the world. He has formed his own observations on men, manners, and dogs in the winding, smuggling old streets of Folkestone, and raced wildly over Cæsar's Camp and the Sugar-loaf Hill, and being a dog of discrimination, may possibly have discerned the hazy shores of France on the horizon as he gazed across from the Warren or the Leas. Railway journeys were familiar to him, and he had studied life in the agricultural districts of Cheshire and Essex before he eventually settled down as a hoary patriarch within the sacred precincts of the city of S. Albans. His old mistress came home to England on a visit; but he was deaf and blind, and the memory of past days had faded away in the miasma of "second childishness and mere oblivion." What of little Stumpy? Dear little, pretty little Stumpy, followed his master to his Rectory in the North, and morning by morning his little pattering feet trotted across the churchyard path to the low oaken door of the quaint black and white church by the river side, and there he stretched himself patiently on the doorstep, while his master entered and said Mattins in the strange, low-browed old church where stags' tynes rest on the wooden pillars for the rustic congregation to hang their hats on. And so for eleven years, in the bright summer mornings, when the little Rectory garden was all ablaze with rhododendrons, and in the bleak winter days, when the cutting winds blew sharply across the river from the Lancashire moors, little Stumpy

waited on his master, and then he too joined his comrade of early days at S. Albans. And Toby? When the old house in the shires broke up, there were certain Sisters of S. Margaret's, living in a place called S. Saviour's Priory, in the wilds of Haggerston; and their house was mightily besieged with rats. Brigades of rats tramped up and down the stairs nightly; companies of rats invaded the slender larder, and carried off cheese and other comestibles; more aspiring rats gnawed through lead pipes and drain pipes, thereby endangering, not only the comfort of the Sisters, but the safety of the building. Rats raced, and scampered, and shrieked, and squeaked behind the wainscot, and rats dying under the floors threatened the house with attacks of typhoid. Where was the Pied Piper to come and put an end to all this? He was travelling on the L. & N. W. Railway, with a ticket round his neck for Dalston Junction, and the two Sisters who were waiting on the platform to receive him welcomed him by the name of Toby. Long-legged, rough-coated, honest old Toby was come to be the friend and protector of the Priory. Poor Toby! He had never been out of the country before, and the first time he saw a crowd of boys playing after school hours in Whiston Street, one wintry evening, he turned tail and fled—fled, no one knew whither, but was found, after some hours, sitting at the Priory door, waiting to be let in. The rats' mad pranks were over, and they hid their diminished heads in the drains.

As years went by, the "Priory dog" became a creature of note. Half-sceptical, disaffected folk said the Sisters could not be so *very* bad, they were so kind to the little dog. Sickly children begged for Toby to be lifted into their beds, and kissed his wet black nose. The over-tired Sister who did not wake when the door-bell rang in the night, was promptly roused by Toby's deep bark, and he always trotted with her to ascertain what the special call for help might be. Sick Sisters in the Priory were sure to be visited, at least *once* a day, by Toby, whose honest red face came peering up at their bedsides. Sisters who had been away were always welcomed home with joy and gladness by him, that even the least animal-loving among them were touched by his demonstrations of affection. At teas and gatherings he always took part, and, when applause followed songs or speeches, contributed largely to his share of approval. No one was afraid of Toby. The most nervous mother knew her little one was safe resting against his rough dark coat; the most frightened girl knew that Toby would never snap at her heels. Sisters he seemed to consider his special property; if he met strange ones in the street, he ran and welcomed them. Two Sisters coming to visit the Priory, and not knowing where to find the door, were suddenly greeted by old Toby, and, following him, found the place they were seeking. Like Tom Fool, many more knew him in the neighbourhood than he knew, or

rather than, in some cases, the Sister who was accompanying him knew, as many a time she has been stopped by some one whose face she could not identify, but who said, "Ah, I knew it was you, because of Toby." "There's the Sister wot belongs to the dog!" has more than once been the way in which a Sister has been pointed out by one youth to another.

I am writing in the *past* tense: not because our dear friend is no more, but because his active life is over. He hobbles about the Priory, and stretches his poor, stiff, old limbs before the fire; but a blue film has come over his once bright brown eyes, and one of them has never recovered the effects of a blow he received from a jealous cat. He is deaf too, and his once black coat is as gray as a jackdaw's head, but he has lived his life truly and devotedly, and that life has been given to the Sisters of S. Saviour's Priory. Let us say, both for him and for his two friends of early days, when the end comes for them all—

"There are men both good and wise who hold that in a future state
The dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?"

Note.—1904. These have all three passed away to the land of the hereafter, may we think of them in the words which a friend of mine wrote on the headstone over his dog's grave, *Requiescat in Spe!*

A Garden Party

IT is only a little strip of backyard that we have behind the Lodge, but we have shut it in with wooden hoarding, and planted in the borders such flowers as can stand London and gas factory air, and have encouraged some straggly virginia creeper to crawl up the hoarding and try and veil some of its hideousness; and we have a brick floor placed under the black poplar which grows at the corner, and set wooden benches on it, and it is altogether not such a bad sort of place, and goes by the name of *Nipper's Garden* with us, while among the lads in the Lodge Club it is commonly called *Nipper's Paddock*. Here, on fine Sundays, which as a rule are very few and far between, we have tea with some of the old married "boys" and their children, and other stray guests who may drop in, among whom is generally one of the Priests from S. Augustine's. It is really quite nice on a hot evening. The poplar leaves are rustling overhead, and the sparrows make no end of noise chattering among the branches, and the sky looks so blue, with white, fleecy clouds scattered over it; and below in the garden we have some hollyhocks and balsams, and a few nasturtiums, and sometimes an orange lily, and a great promise of Michaelmas

daisies for the autumn. We drink tea, and talk, and the children play, and Nipper *scarouches* about among the plants and buries his dinner bone, and kicks about generally.

Last S. Margaret's Day, the few of us who were not able to go down to East Grinstead to take part in the Community Festival there, had a little *festa* of our own, in the shape of tea and ice-cream in Nipper's Garden. There were one or two Sisters, several guests and the Chaplain, and we had rather a nice time altogether. And during this tea a brilliant idea struck us; why not invite the poor men from the Kip here, and give them a good tea, and have some one to talk to them? And so we did. We had the "Missis" and her children, and all the Kippers who were not out in the country on the tramp, or had not been "wanted" by the police and "run in." One meek-faced man, who disappears mysteriously at intervals, had told the Kip Sister with regard to prisons, "I dunno the inside of them places, Sister, it 's only wot I've heerd on as I'm telling you." He must have "heered" a good deal, as he seems pretty well up in all the details.

Poor chappies, like so many of our neighbours, they must have suffered a good deal from the heat this summer. If you live in an underground kitchen with a coke fire, and only a grating to get light and air from, when you *do* get a few pence which you would naturally spend in a "relish," you don't always feel inclined to relish even one of the greatest dainties. "Well," said one gentleman the other day,

surveying a penny of which he was the happy possessor, "I could do with some s'rimps if I could get 'em, but I can't say as I'm wropped up in a haddick." He was the only millionaire in the company, all the others in the Kip being "stony broke" at the time, and sitting round the table plunged in the deepest gloom, reviewing in their minds every species of Barmecide feast, in which possibly even the slighted "haddicks" might play a part.

When you've nothing inside you, even a very small amount of beer takes effect, and now and then on a Saturday the accumulated halfpence go in half-a-pint in the hot weather. One Saturday night there was a free fight in Great Cambridge Street, but I am glad to say only quite a few of the Kippers were mixed up in it, and the "Missis" ran up from the kitchen, and with the aid of her own tongue, assisted by personal efforts on the part of a sober gentleman with a pair of crutches, they got them out of the street, and the crutches proved most efficient weapons for propelling them downstairs into the kitchen, before there was a chance of their being "run in" by the police. So it was to these gentlemen we issued our invitations, which they accepted with rather mixed feelings. One of them had scruples about what his acquaintances might have to say on the subject, lest they might "chuck it up" at him that he'd "gone a-cadging of them nuns!" Bricky was seized with a sudden recollection that he had to "see a gen'elman at the pub over the way, and he might 'ave to wait

for him that afternoon;" but on the whole the invitation gave satisfaction, and much yellow soap was used, and a general "clean up" all around, before our guests began to arrive at four o'clock in the afternoon. Two kind-hearted young Priests had been invited to meet them, and a layman, who often helped in the kitchen in the winter. When his fiancée, who was also invited, arrived alone, she said he had gone to the public-house to try and induce Bricky to forego the appointment with the unknown gentleman which was to be held there. It ended, however, in the late arrival of our lay friend with the news that nothing would induce Bricky to stir from the public-house, so we all sat down a very happy, cheery party, to feast on tea, two sorts of cake, lettuces, and bread-and-butter, which latter were the real "doorsteps," which we knew appealed to our company; and the tea, thanks to the gifts of our many friends, was strong enough to blow your head off. The feast was a joy, but it was a sad joy. The poor weary faces all looked so sad, and some, I fear, rather sinful. One was that of a middle-aged man, who might have been, in better days, a confidential valet—a sort of gray-whiskered person you would expect to see going noiselessly along a passage with a suit of clothes over one arm, and a jug of hot water in the other hand. There was a bright-faced, gray-haired old man, reminding one of Borrow's gipsy, cheerful under all circumstances and all conditions, who gets his living by selling things in the streets. Another poor fellow, quite young, with a close-shaved head and "Newgate

knocker" on his forehead, looked as if he had "done time" more than once in his life; and so he had, over and over again.

Poor chappie, how one's heart went out to him! He acknowledged to all his misdeeds, and that he had been "run in" many times for snatching ladies' watches and purses; he wanted to do better, but he couldn't help it; he had been born among thieves, bred to thieve, and lived by thieving. He said he had taken his "bitter oath" that he would never willingly "fall again" after his last conviction, but he is one of the large flotsam and jetsam of East London, his face having a sort of half-cunning, half-vacant expression; he is "wanting," and is drifting along amidst bad environment, himself not really bad, not half bad, but incapable of resisting anything, or of standing up for anything that he feels to be right, and yet with a good heart—one of those dead fish who float with the stream, because he has not the live power of resistance to float against it. We read in history of kings and celebrated men whose characters have been like this, and let us deal gently with this poor fellow in Haggerston. This garden-party may have been the beginning of better things for him, as the words of one of the Priests touched his heart, and has made him know that he has a manly friend in whom he can confide to help him.

The man who assisted the "Missis" to get the men downstairs by the aid of his crutches was there; the man who didn't want to "cadge off the nuns" was also there; and altogether it was a happy party, and

they all declared they felt themselves miles away in the country, and almost expected the excursion vans waiting for them.

Tea over, a concert began, and several gentlemen "obliged," the one at the head of the table thumping loudly, and crying, "Let go!" when the chorus ought to begin. The "Missis" sang, and then each Priest said a few words of help and encouragement, which were listened to most attentively, and we finished by all standing and singing, "GOD be with us till we meet again."

I should tell you we had a most interested audience in some small boys who climbed on to the roof of a neighbouring outhouse, which overlooked us, and an old gentleman watched the proceedings from a window, and all joined in applauding the songs. When our guests had departed, we handed the remaining slices of cake up to these outside neighbours, and so a very happy afternoon came to an end.

Lucile Tomkinson

(MRS. ROBERT TOMKINSON, AUGUST 21ST, 1905.)

SINCE the pages of this little book were written, the friend who took the deepest interest in them—as indeed she did with everything concerning S. Saviour's Priory and Haggerston—has passed away from us to her eternal rest.

Mrs. Robert Tomkinson was a most wonderful person, possessing a distinct personality of her own. I first knew her years ago in Cheshire, when she was a bright, chattering, merry child, and I was just eighteen, and preparing to try my vocation in the Sisterhood of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead. I lost sight of her for years, till one hot July afternoon, a party of ladies, who had made a pilgrimage from the West End to see the Haggerston and Hoxton churches, arrived at the Priory, among whom was my little girl friend of long ago, now married and living in London. She was kindly interested in everything, and asked if she might come once a week to visit in S. Augustine's parish, an offer which we most thankfully accepted, and these weekly visits she continued steadily for over five-and-twenty years. In every way she threw herself into the interests of Haggerston and the

Priory, especially in the Autumn Bazaar at the Grosvenor Hall, for the benefit of the East End poor. This had been set on foot by Colonel and Mrs. Grove Morris, but they went to live at Brighton, and for five-and-twenty years she took the management of it, and with an able staff of devoted and energetic ladies, made it a wonderful success. She was so keen and energetic about it all, interesting every one she came across about it, and planning and carrying out all the details so beautifully. She had a marvellous power of sympathizing with every one, of grasping their difficulties, and of throwing herself heartily into their work and interests.

She first met Father Stanton at the Priory in the autumn of 1879, about two years after he had started the S. Martin's League, which was a scheme he had originated for London postmen, who, at that time, were unprovided with central rooms where they could go to rest at the hours when they were off duty during the day, their own homes or lodging being, in most cases, too far off from their rounds to be available. Mrs. Tomkinson threw herself into the scheme heart and soul, assisting Father Stanton by every means in her power, and making herself much beloved by the men, and in many cases by their wives too, whom she visited at their own homes, and who felt they could always turn to her as a friend. Partly through the Priory, and partly through this League, she also made the aquaintance of Father Dolling, who was then known as "Brother Bob," and was in charge of the League

house, in the Borough Road. Between Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson, Father Stanton, and Father Dolling, a warm and hearty friendship soon sprang up, a friendship which was more and more closely knit together as years passed on. Through them, she came to know and be interested in David Borrie Clark, who began life as a letter carrier, but in accordance with a most deep and earnest longing of his own heart, was, chiefly through her kindness, enabled to take Holy Orders, and died at Aldershot in 1894, as one of the Chaplains to the Forces. Her influence with, and kindness to young men, was very great. If she perceived in any company, some young man, or girl, who seemed shy and unnoticed, she made a point of talking to them, encouraging and setting them at their ease.

There was a certain grace and nobility about her which always made me think of the ladies of the old noblesse of France. By birth she was partly a Frenchwoman, which perhaps may have helped to accentuate the idea in one's mind, but I have always felt it very strongly. There was a dignity, a perfection of graceful, courteous manner — the sort of outward and visible sign of the graceful, courteous, kindly spirit within — combined with an uncompromising fixity of purpose to accomplish all she undertook, a steady, loyal, thoroughness of character, which was the embodiment of the old French motto: *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.* If a thing was right to be done she would do it at all costs.

To me she always seemed the perfect type of

a Christian woman; the woman whose "price is above rubies," and of whom it is said, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her;" and of whom S. Paul says, "Charity thinketh no evil," but "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Only those with whom she actually came in contact can fully realize her exceedingly great personal fascination, which won the hearts of all who came across her. But it was not only the grace of manner and person which drew all hearts to her. It was the sincere, earnest, straightforward goodness of her beautiful soul which attracted you to her so strongly. There was a genuine, unswerving loyalty about her, a spirit of pure, honest truthfulness, which made her friends—and, indeed, I may say, her acquaintances feel they could trust her *perfectly* and implicitly. There was a straightforward simplicity in her character, which made her always act up to what she felt to be *right*, without a shadow of self coming in to cause her to swerve in the very least degree. Self seemed to have no place in her heart. Her own home came first, and next to that, I think I may truthfully say, the welfare and well-being of the Priory. And more than the Priory, of every one, either gentle or simple, whom she came across, and to whom she felt she could be a help in any matter, however small. But the crown of her virtues, the bright light which irradiated every thought and action of her beautiful, saintly life, was what S. Paul calls, "the greatest of all virtues," and that is charity.

For the twenty-five years of our friendship together I have never once heard her speak unkindly of any person: never say any bitter words about anybody. When a question came of the errors or frailties of some one, which she could not truthfully contradict, she always made some charitable excuse—not to palliate the frailty or to condone the sin—but to suggest there were possibly circumstances or temptations of which we could not measure the strength, which might be the cause of such and such an action. Anything the least degree approaching to scandal was never discussed by her, and if the conversation seemed tending that way, she invariably did her best to have the subject changed at once.

For the last few years Mr. Tomkinson had taken the pretty Rectory of Great Chesterford, Essex, for the shooting; and I always went to spend a week with them there. I recall with great pleasure the happy visit I had the summer before last. Father Stanton was staying there too, and we sat out on the lawn in the dewy August evenings under the shadow of the great chesnut tree, with Jacky, the Aberdeen terrier, bounding about after the swallows; beyond the confines of the garden the Cam flowed slowly between its sedgy banks, and there were glimpses of orange-hued harvest fields over on the other side. We three talked of so many things, so many works, so many people in whom we were all interested. The memory of those peaceful resting days stands out among the

pleasant pictures of one's past life—now gone for ever. She was very unwell, and suffering a great deal at the time, but going about her household duties and attending to her guests, bright, loving, and helpful as she always was. I recollect Father Stanton saying, "It is no good worrying, and making ourselves anxious about what the future life is to be: it has not pleased GOD to reveal it to us. What we have to think of is to try and do our very best for Him and for others in *this* world where He has placed us." I have often thought since, could he have described Mrs. Tomkinson herself more truly than in these words?

It seems strange—I suppose it is one of the many things we shall never understand in this world—that she, whose whole life was so generously spent in the service of others, without a thought of self, should have been called upon to bear so much suffering, for indeed the last months of her life were full of pain, from which it appeared to be impossible to obtain relief — pain, borne most patiently and uncomplainingly; her whole endeavour was to hide from others all she endured, and to appear bright and cheerful both in her own home and abroad.

Her illness grew so serious, and she suffered such terrible pain, that last summer an operation became necessary. But she had not the strength to survive it, and she passed away peacefully on the 21st of August, 1905, at Great Chesterford,

fortified by the Viaticum, which Father Stanton had given to her the day before the operation.

She rests in peace in the S. Alban's plot of ground in Woking cemetery. Her old and faithful friend, Father Stanton, committed her body to the earth; hard by lies another friend and co-worker, Father Dolling; the great Calvary uprears its gray arms, protecting and hallowing the graves which lie below, and the wind among the sweet-scented pines will sing a perpetual Requiem around them.

As Faber so beautifully says, "In life, whether we know it or not, we are always travelling to a sorrow. At the next turn of the road stands an unforeseen death of some one whom we love, or the breaking up of a circle in which it seems as if our very existence were bound up, or some disgrace which we never reckoned on. We look on to something next summer, and there is a bed of sickness lurking in the way. The long nights of winter are to find us an occupation, so good, so full of GOD'S glory. But before the shortest day has come all life has shifted."

And as for us left behind, it seems as if a great light was gone out of our lives. The sunshine which brightened up and gave tone and colour to the dullest duty is withdrawn, as if the moorland road which winds slowly upwards, and which in the genial presence of the sunlight was tinted with crimson and violet hues, when a cloud stretches athwart the sky and hides the golden radiance, the whole landscape becomes one reach of cold dull

brown from horizon to horizon. It becomes so to us, because it is hidden from our eyes; but there, although *we* cannot see it, the sun is shining all the same, helping and nurturing and ripening all with its life-giving warmth.

Looking back to the memory of what she was, we see that it was the *little* things, the *little* duties, the *little* kindnesses of life which had such a part in all she did. Whether it was among her own household, or in society, among her special friends or in her intercourse with the poor, it was always the *little* kindnesses which shone forth so brightly among her virtues.

Now all that is passed and over. We who are left feel sadly the miss of her thoughtfulness, her kindly actions and her cheering, comforting words. But influence never dies, and hers was untold in the good it exercised among all those with whom she came in contact.

Her old and valued friend, Father Stanton, said of her: "I think she was the very kindest woman I ever knew, the most considerate; and I never heard her say a word against any one whatever, and all her thought was to 'do good.' She was one who loved the poor—the one who would go to the poor man counting the sixpences for that dreadful rent, or climb up the attic stairs and hear him cursing, and see him trying to find the easiest way out of life. *She* had a loving heart!"

A friend from Essex wrote: "This is an irreparable loss, to how many I cannot bear to think.

All the years I have known her, her sweet, kind friendliness has always been the same, and her visits to this neighbourhood have each year been something to look forward to. She was quite unique in her goodness and charm, and we cannot bear to think it is gone out of our lives."

A poor woman in Haggerston said, "I cannot believe she is taken from us; her visits to me every Thursday were the sunshine of my life!"

Another, a very old and intimate friend of hers wrote: "If only we could look forward to entering into our rest and leave behind us such a record of good done as our dear one has, we should have reason for thankfulness. She was so gentle, never did I hear her speak an unkind word of *any one.* I fear she went through intense suffering, but she wrote such a brave, courageous letter only on Friday, after receiving the Blessed Sacrament."

I will conclude by putting before you this notice, which appeared in the *Church Times* of September 1st, 1905:

"LUCILE TOMKINSON.

"The quiet August holiday time at S. Alban's, Holborn, has been saddened by the death of one of the congregation, who for many years has been an enthusiastic supporter of the services, and active in all good works—Lucile Tomkinson.

"She was the good genius of S. Martin's League all through its history, and with 'Brother Bob,' as he was then called, afterwards Father Dolling, did

everything for the well-being and happiness of the members.

"All your readers know of her interest in, and work for, S. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, and how the Annual Bazaar owed its success to her efforts; we do not forget the one last November, how, although weary and worn with ceaseless pain, she had a kind word for all, and a cheery 'well done' for all its successes achieved.

"Neither shall we ever forget her tender love for the most woe-begone. Almost the last word she said on the writer's parting with her, when she had pressed some money on him to give to one of his *mauvais sujets*, and he had demurred, was, 'But there is good in him.' She despaired of no one, and loved all GOD'S creatures. S. Alban's, Holborn, S. Saviour's Priory, and 'The Outcasts of Israel' have lost 'a friend in need and a friend indeed' in Lucile Tomkinson.

"Her malady was so serious, and had taken such a hold upon her, that an operation became necessary. This was performed on the 19th of this month, but she had no strength to survive it, and passed peaceably away on the 21st, at Great Chesterford, Essex.

"The funeral services were held at S. Alban's, Holborn, and were very well attended, many coming from a great distance to testify their appreciation of her life, and some of the old S. Martin's League members managed to get away to pay their last respects to her memory. She had expressed a wish to be buried in the S. Alban's ground at Woking,

and there she lies, near her old friend, Father Dolling, and close to Father Jervois, whom she met at Contrexéville in July, and who was a great comfort to her.

"I never knew any one more generally and deeply beloved. At Great Chesterford, where she stayed only for a short time, the people came out to express openly their sorrow at her death. She had only to be known to be loved, and never was the word truer than in her case, that the loss is with those who are left behind.

"'We stand o'er graves where yet no grass has grown,
And on ourselves place funeral garlands sweet;
Something within our hearts has ceased to beat;
Something of us is laid beneath the stone.'

"A. H. S."

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